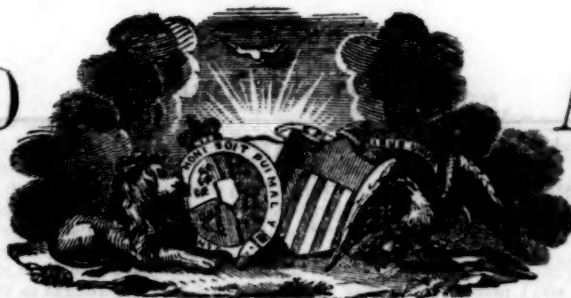


A. D. PATERSON,

EDITOR.

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## THE BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.

A BALLAD.

The Beautiful and True, dear love,  
The Beautiful and True,  
Oft they meet to part, but yet  
They never say, Adieu!  
The stars, how gloriously they greet!  
But then, as morn comes on,  
Heaven's pavement to their glittering feet,  
Is echoless and lone.  
Brightly they dance away, but still  
Such partings yield no pain;  
For ne'er they bid adieu, until  
They've sworn to meet again,  
Dear love,  
They've sworn to meet again!

I saw two birds, like Faith on wings,  
Meet o'er the waters blue;  
O they could part like hopeful things,  
Nor breathe a last adieu.  
I saw a warrior, armed for fight,  
Quit his lady fond and true,  
But their lips first held a meeting bright,  
And thus they bade adieu!

I saw two ships part company,  
O'er the ocean's sparkling foam,  
And the "Outward Bound" sang a song of glee,  
And the "Homeward," a song of home,  
Dear love,  
And the "Homeward," a song of home!

O Minnie, thy words may breathe, "Farewell!"  
But thy voice hath a binding thrill,  
Whose latest sound shall wreath a spell  
To keep thee present still.  
The touch of thy hand when kind and fond,  
And thy smile, and thy waving hair,  
And thy soft deep eyes, with their hopes beyond  
The gloom of each passing care,  
Shall haunt me still, and when thou art gone  
I will live in a dream of thee,  
And with thee will rove when the night comes on,  
Through the grove to our trysting tree,  
Dear love,  
Through the grove to our trysting tree.

## SONG OF BERANGER.

ON THE CRADLE OF A BABE.

See, Friend, this little bark, it scarcely dares  
To try the untravers'd waves of life's wide sea;  
Frail is the passenger, methinks, it bears;  
Come let us guide it in its first essay.  
Mark how the waves around it dash and foam!  
Mark, from the shore they bear it light along;  
Come, comrades, we who see it leave its home  
Will cheer its voyage by our joyous song.

Already blows the breeze of Destiny,  
Already Hope has sped the swelling sail,  
Bright are the stars that twinkle in the sky,  
And calm the sea, untroubled by the gale.  
Fly far away, ye birds of evil doom!  
All in this boat to Love and Joy belong!  
Come, comrades, we who see it leave its home  
Will cheer its voyage by our joyous song.

The Loves hang wreaths of flowers in joyfulness  
Around the mast, and ply their busy hands;  
To the chaste Sisters we our vows address;  
And, at the helm, see, gentle Friendship stands.  
Bacchus himself, with all his train, is come,  
And sportive Pleasure hastes to join the throng;  
Come, comrades, we who see it leave its home  
Will cheer its voyage by our joyous song.

And see! while thus we speed our voyage on,  
Thus Fortune comes and blesses Virtue mild,  
And prays that all the good that she has done  
May be repaid upon this gentle child.  
Sure, then, from this, that, wheresoe'er we roam,  
Just heaven will guard our favour'd boat from wrong;  
Come, comrades, we who see it leave its home  
Will cheer its voyage by our joyous song.

## A NEAPOLITAN FESTIVAL DISTURBED.

Near the entrance of the renowned grotto excavated by the ancients under the mountain of Posilippo, to serve as a short communication between Naples and Pozzuoli, there is a church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, whose shrine is

almost concealed by numberless offerings in gold, silver and other precious metals, as tokens of the wonderful cures and blessings obtained through her supposed meditation. Her festival is celebrated on the 8th September, and on that day the inhabitants of the capital and its populous environs, and even the court, go to pay veneration to the miraculous Madonna, and their annual offerings to the priests that monopolise her miracles.

Joachim Murat, who, whilst king of Naples, had the means and opportunity of gratifying his fondness for Oriental display, always celebrated this festival with the utmost pomp and splendour. At the appointed day in 1811, he appeared in the military cloak and sabre of Charles IV. of Spain (part of the spoil of his Spanish conquests), both covered with jewels of the highest value, and looked more like a knight-errant of old than a modern warrior. A military review having been arranged, several thousand men were mustered, and went through various complicated evolutions. After this a naval review took place. The Neapolitan flotilla, consisting of two men-of-war carrying 74 guns, three frigates of 40 guns, and several brigs and sloops gaily decorated with flags, left the bay in full sail, followed by numerous private yachts and pleasure boats, and steered towards the island of Capri. A naval sham fight had been arranged to take place on their return.

About three o'clock a grand procession was arranged on shore at the Villa Reale. It was headed by twelve magnificent carriages containing the king and his suite, guarded by a squadron of the royal lancers and their admirable band of music. Eleven of the carriages were drawn by eight thorough-bred horses, and in them rode the great officers of the household, the ministers, and princes and princesses of the royal family; to the twelfth, which had formerly been the state-carriage of Charles IV. of Spain, and which contained the king and queen, were harnessed twelve Arabian gray horses. All the ornaments of this splendid vehicle—consisting of elaborate chasings and a massive crown—were of pure gold. The carriages were followed by the king's staff and a body of the royal cuirassiers. At this moment the Villa Reale (which is situated on the sea-shore) presented a magnificent spectacle. A vast number of people of all classes had assembled on the spot to view the procession, whilst the windows and balconies of the houses were filled with elegantly-dressed company. The palaces of the Strada di Chiaja, which overlook the Villa Reale, were filled with the wealthiest families in the kingdom, ambassadors, and other distinguished foreigners. The concourse of spectators of all descriptions stretched for nearly two miles, in a straight line, and presented a *coup-d'œil* extremely picturesque and imposing. Everything was joyous, and the entire city seemed abandoned to the pleasures of the festival.

Scarcely had the procession begun to move, before a brisk cannonade was heard from the sea towards Cape Posilippo. The attention of the multitude was immediately directed to that quarter; for it was believed that the sham fight had begun before the appointed time. Presently two frigates and several smaller vessels appeared, doubling the cape, and making their way into port with all possible speed; the firing from the ships in pursuit being, all the while, kept up. In short, the fight was to all appearance so admirably managed, that the procession was entirely neglected, every person looked at its progress, and applauding the admirable look of reality which the Neapolitan flotilla was giving to the engagement. While the excitement produced by the chase was, however, at its highest, the crowd on shore were astounded by the firing of an alarm signal from the castle of St Elmo, and which was never heard unless at the approach of an enemy, or at the commencement of a revolt. This astonishment was turned into a panic of alarm, when it was perceived that instead of a sham, a real fight was going on; for three English men-of-war now hove in sight. To add to the general distress, several stray shots struck the shore.

It would be impossible to describe the scene of terror and confusion which followed. The screams were truly terrific, and re-echoed mournfully in the bay and on the hills. Thousands of ladies and gentlemen threw themselves on their faces; many fainted; and the rest betook themselves to flight. As all wished to be the first out of danger, the gates of the Villa Reale were soon choked up by the fugitives, and became impassable to all. Murat, informed of this unexpected English visit, left the state-carriage, and, followed on horseback by his staff, went to direct, from the Castle dell' Uovo, the defence of his fleet and his capital.

After this, a real fight began by sea and land, which lasted until night put an end to the gallantry of the assailers and defenders. The latter, however, sustained great injury in their ships and batteries: while the former, after amusing themselves with disturbing the festival, and frightening almost to death the people of Naples, sailed away, and no vestige of them was to be seen the next morning. The Villa Reale, however, presented a sad aspect; its beautiful flowers, and exotic shrubs and plants, were almost all destroyed; its alleys were covered with broken hats, parasols, shoes, gloves, reticules, and other articles of wearing apparel; and the hospitals and private houses were filled with persons who had been injured—not by the English shots—but by the consequences of their panic-terror.

## TRACES OF TRAVEL IN THE EAST.

*Eöthen, or Traces of Travel brought home from the East.* 8vo, pp. 418. London, J. Ollivier.

If it be a wonder for a woman to keep a secret, we think it as great a wonder for a traveller, brimful of matter like that which is thrown out in the present volume, not to have rushed into print the first week he landed in London. We gather that he travelled nine years ago; and must thus, instead of hurrying into type, have observed the Horatian rule, which he probably learnt at Eton before he became a soldier, and apparently as great an admirer and as fond of pretty women as an Etonian education, surcharged with a military pro-



session, would naturally occasion. We speak from the book, for we have no idea of the authorship, only that it is of the liveliest cast, gentlemanly, playful, not unobservant of aught worth graver notice, and altogether an extremely pleasant production. It begins with a relish in the interview of a European with a Turkish pasha, on crossing the frontier, and the ludicrously characteristic interpretations of the dragoman.

Never did man enter with greater unction into the wild change of Asiatic travel than our author. "Day after day (he says), perhaps week after week, and month after month, your foot is in the stirrup. To taste the cold breath of the earliest morn, and to lead or follow your bright cavalcade till sunset through forests and mountain-passes, through valleys and desolate plains, all this becomes your mode of life, and you ride, eat, drink, and curse the mosquitoes, as systematically as your friends in England eat, drink, and sleep. If you are wise, you will not look upon the long period of time thus occupied by your journeys as the mere gulfs which divide you from the place to which you are going, but rather as most rare and beautiful portions of your life, from which may come temper and strength. Once feel this, and you will soon grow happy and contented in your saddle-home. As for me and my comrade in this part of our journey we often forgot Stamboul, forgot all the Ottoman empire, and only remembered old times. We went back, loitering on the banks of Thames,—not grim old Thames of 'after-life,' that washes the parliament-houses, and drowns despairing girls, but Thames, the 'old Eaton fellow' that wrestled with us in our boyhood till he taught us to be stronger than he. We bullied Keate, and scoffed at Larry Miller and Okes; we rode along loudly laughing, and talked to the grave Servian forest as though it were the 'Brocas clump.' Our pace was commonly very slow, for the baggage-horses served us for a drag, and kept us to a rate of little more than five miles in the hour, but now and then, and chiefly at night, a spirit of movement would suddenly animate the whole party; the baggage-horses would be teased into a gallop, and when once this was done, there would be such a banging of portmanteaus, and such convulsions of carpet-bags, upon their panting sides, and the Surridgees would follow them up with such a hurricane of blows, and screams, and curses, that stopping or relaxing was scarcely possible; then the rest of us would put our horses into a gallop, and so all shouting cheerily, would hunt and drive the sumpter beasts like a flock of goats, up hill and down dale, right on to the end of their journey. The distances at which we got relays of horses varied greatly: some were not more than fifteen or twenty miles; but twice, I think, we performed a whole day's journey of more than sixty miles with the same beasts. When at last we came out from the forest, our road lay through scenes like those of an English park. The greensward unfenced, and left to the free pasture of cattle, was dotted with groups of stately trees, and here and there darkened over with larger masses of wood, that seemed gathered together for bounding the domain, and shutting out some infernal fellow-creature in the shape of a new made squire: in one or two spots the hanging copses looked down upon a lawn below with such sheltering mien, that seeing the like in England you would have been tempted almost to ask the name of the spendthrift or the madman who had dared to pull down the old hall. There are few countries less infested by 'lions' than the provinces on this part of your route; you are not called upon 'to drop a tear' over the tomb of 'the once brilliant' any body, or to pay your 'tribute of respect' to any thing dead or alive; there are no Servian or Bulgarian *littérateurs* with whom it would be positively disgraceful not to form an acquaintance; you have no staring, no praising to get through; the only public building of any interest which lies on the road is of modern date, but is said to be a good specimen of oriental architecture; it is of a pyramidal shape, and is made up of 30,000 skulls, which were contributed by the rebellious Servians in the early part (I believe) of this century; I am not at all sure of my date, but I fancy it was in the year 1806 that the first skull was laid. I am ashamed to say, that in the darkness of the early morning we unknowingly went by the neighbourhood of this triumph of art, and so basely got off from admiring 'the simple grandeur of the architect's conception,' and 'the exquisite beauty of the fretwork.' There being no 'lions,' we ought at least to have met with a few perils; but there were no women to attack our peace (they were all wrapt up, or locked in); and as for robbers, the only robbers we saw any thing of had been long since dead and gone; the poor fellows had been impaled upon high poles, and so propped up by the transverse spokes beneath them, that their skeletons, clothed with some white wax-like remains of flesh, still sat up loling in the sunshine, and listlessly staring without eyes."

We acknowledge our delight in dashing along with a traveller of this kidney; the ideas are so natural and so abundant, so home and so foreign, so good-humoured and so piquant, and withal so often touched with a neat bit of classicism, that we always "jinn along" both merrily and wisely. But where are we! We have been at Constantinople, hastily seen the Troad, visited Smyrna, and sailed thence in a Greek brigantine, wherein, as the author sayeth, "the seamen, like their forefathers, rely upon no winds unless they are right a-stern, or on the quarter; they rarely go on a wind if it blows at all fresh, and if the adverse breeze approaches to a gale, they at once fumigate St. Nicholas, and put up the helm. The consequence of course is, that under the ever-varying winds of the Ægean they are blown about in the most whimsical manner. I used to think that Ulysses with his ten years' voyage had taken his time in making Ithaca, but my experience in Greek navigation soon made me understand that he had had, in point of fact, a pretty good 'average passage.' Such are now the mariners of the Ægean; free, equal amongst themselves, navigating the seas of their forefathers with the same heroic and yet child-like spirit of venture, the same half-trustful reliance upon heavenly aid, they are the liveliest images of true old Greeks that time and the new religions have spared to us." Cyprus is passed; and at Beyrout we have a long and curious account of the eccentric Lady Hester Stanhope, the best we have seen. In intimate conversations with her, who had been the early friend of his mother, the author says:

"The woman before me had exactly the person of a prophetess—not, indeed, of the divine sibyl imagined by Donzenichino, so sweetly distracted betwixt love and mystery, but of a good, business-like, practical prophetess, long used to the exercise of her sacred calling. I have been told my those who knew Lady Hester Stanhope in her youth, that any notion of a resemblance betwixt her and the great Chatam must have been fanciful; but at the time of my seeing her, the large commanding features of the gaunt woman, then sixty years old or more, certainly reminded me of the statesman that lay dying in the House of Lords, according to Copley's picture; her face was of the most astonishing whiteness; she wore a very large turban, which seemed to be of pale cashmere shawls, so disposed as to conceal the hair; her dress, from the chin down to the point at which it was concealed by the drapery which she held over her lap, was a mass of white linen loosely folding—an ecclesiastical sort of affair—more like a surplice than any of those blessed creations which our

souls love under the names of 'dress,' and 'frock,' and 'boddice,' and 'collar,' and 'habit-shirt,' and sweet 'chemisette.' Such was the outward seeming of the personage that sat before me; and indeed she was almost bound by the fame of her actual achievements, as well as by her sublime pretensions, to look a little differently from the rest of woman-kind. There had been something of grandeur in her career: after the death of Lady Chatham, which happened in 1803, she lived under the roof of her uncle, the second Pitt, and when he resumed the government in 1804, she became the dispenser of much patronage, and sole secretary of state for the department of treasury baquets. Not having seen the lady until late in her life, when she was fired with spiritual ambition, I can hardly fancy that she could have performed her political duties in the saloons of the minister with much of feminine sweetness and patience; I am told, however, that she managed matters very well indeed; perhaps it was better for the lofty-minded leader of the House to have his reception-rooms guarded by this stately creature, than by a merely clever and managing woman: it was fitting that the wholesome awe with which he filled the minds of the country gentlemen should be aggravated by the presence of his majestic niece. But the end was approaching; the sun of Austerlitz shewed the Czar madly sliding his splendid army, like a weaver's shuttle, from his right hand to his left, under the very eyes—the deep grey, watchful eyes of Napoleon; before night came, the coalition was a vain thing—meet for history; and the heart of its great author was crushed with grief when the terrible tidings came to his ears. In the bitterness of his despair, he cried out to his niece, and bid her 'Roll up the map of Europe'; there was a little more of suffering, and at last, with his swollen tongue still muttering something for England, he died by the noblest of all sorrows. Lady Hester meeting the calamity in her own fierce way, seems to have scorned the poor island that had not enough of God's grace to keep the 'heaven-sent' minister alive. I can hardly tell why it should be, but there is a longing for the East very commonly felt by proud-hearted people when goaded by sorrow. Lady Hester Stanhope obeyed this impulse.

Lady Hester talked to me long and earnestly on the subject of religion, announcing that the Messiah was yet to come; she strived to impress me with the vanity and the falseness of all European creeds, as well as with a sense of her own spiritual greatness: throughout her conversation upon these high topics, she skillfully insinuated, without actually asserting her heavenly rank. Amongst other much more marvellous powers, the lady claimed to have one which most women I fancy possess, viz. that of reading men's characters in their faces; she examined the line of my features very attentively, and told me the result, which, however, I mean to keep hidden. One great subject of discourse was that of 'race,' upon which she was very diffuse, and yet rather mysterious; she set great value upon the ancient French (not Norman blood—for that she vilified), but did not at all appreciate that which we call in this country 'an old family.' She had a vast idea of the Cornish miners on account of their race, and said, if she chose she could give me the means of rousing them to the most tremendous enthusiasm. Such are the topics on which the lady mainly conversed; but very often she would condescend to more worldly chat, and then she was no longer the prophetess, but the sort of a woman that you sometimes see, I am told, in London drawing-rooms, cool, unsparing of enemies, full of audacious fun, and saying the downright things that the sheepish society around her is afraid to utter. I am told that Lady Hester was in her youth a capital mimic, and she shewed me that not all the queenly dulness to which she had condemned herself—not all her fasting and solitude had destroyed this terrible power. The first whom she crucified in my presence was poor Lord Byron; she had seen him, it appeared, I know not where, soon after his arrival in the East, and was vastly amused at his little affectations; he had picked up a few sentences of the Romanc, with which he affected to give orders to his Greek servant; I can't tell whether Lady Hester's mimicry of the bard was at all close, but it was amusing; she attributed to him a curiously coxcombical lisp. Another person whose style of speaking the lady took off very amusingly was one who would scarcely object to suffer by the side of Lord Byron—I mean Lamartine, who had visited her in the course of his travels; the peculiarity which attracted her ridicule was an over-refinement of manner: according to my lady's imitation of Lamartine (I have never seen him myself), he had none of the violent grimace of his countrymen, and not even their usual way of talking, but rather bore himself mincingly, like the humbler sort of English dandy. Lady Hester seems to have heartily despised every thing approaching to exquisiteness; she told me by the by (and in opinion upon that subject is worth having) that a downright manner, amounting even to brusqueness, is more effective than any other with the oriental; and that amongst the English, of all ranks and all classes, there is no man so attractive to the orientals—no man who can negotiate with them half so effectively, as a good, honest, open-hearted, and positive naval officer of the old school. I have told you, I think, that Lady Hester could deal fiercely with those she hated; one man above all others (he is now uprooted from society, and cast away for ever) she blasted with her wrath; you would have thought that in the scornfulness of her nature, she must have sprung upon her foe with more of fierceness than of skill; but this was not so—for with all the force and remembrance of her invective, she displayed a sober, patient and minute attention to the details of vituperation, which contributed to its success a thousand times more than mere violence. During the hours that this sort of conversation, or rather discourse, was going on, our tobacco-pipes were from time to time replenished, and the lady as well as I continued to smoke with little or no intermission, till the interview ended. I think that the fragrant fumes of the latakish must have helped to keep me on my good behaviour as a patient disciple of the prophetess. It was not till after midnight that my visit for the evening came to an end: when I quitted my seat, the lady rose, and stood up in the same formal attitude (almost that of a soldier in a state of 'attention') which she had assumed at my entrance; at the same time she let go the drapery which she had held over her lap whilst sitting, and allowed it to fall to the ground. The next morning after breakfast I was visited by my lady's secretary, the only European except the doctor whom she retained in her household. This secretary, like the doctor, was Italian, but he preserved more signs of European dress and European pretensions than his medical fellow-slave. He spoke little or no English, though he wrote it pretty well, having been formerly employed in a mercantile house connected with England. The poor fellow was in an unhappy state of mind. In order to make you understand the extent of his spiritual anxieties, I ought to have told you that the doctor (who had sunk into the complete Asiatic, and had condescended accordingly to the performance of even menial services) had adopted the common faith of all the neighbouring people, and had become a firm and happy believer in the divine power of his mistress. Not so the secretary; when I had strolled with him to a distance from the building which rendered him safe from being overheard by human ears, he told me in a hollow voice, trembling with emotion, that there were times at which he doubted the divinity of the 'Miléti.' I said nothing to



encourage the poor fellow in that frightful state of scepticism, which, if indulged, might end in positive infidelity. I found that her ladyship had rather arbitrarily abridged the amusements of her secretary, forbidding him from shooting small birds on the mountain-side. This oppression had roused in him a spirit of inquiry that might end fatally—perhaps for himself,—perhaps for the ‘religion of the place.’ The secretary told me that his mistress was greatly disliked by the surrounding people, whom she oppressed by her exactions; and the truth of this statement was borne out by the way in which my lady spoke to me of her neighbours. But in Eastern countries, hate and veneration are very commonly felt for the same object, and the general belief in the superhuman power of this wonderful white lady—her resolute and imperious character, and above all, perhaps, her fierce Albanians (not backward to obey an order for the sacking of a village) inspired sincere respect amongst the surrounding inhabitants. Now the being ‘respected’ amongst orientals, is not an empty or merely honorary distinction, for, on the contrary, it carries with it a clear right to take your neighbour’s corn, his cattle, his eggs, and his honey, and almost any thing that is his, except his wives. This law was acted upon by the Princess of Dijon, and her establishment was supplied by contributions apportioned amongst the nearest of the villages.”

In the sanctuary of Nazareth, our author gets a little rhapsodical, and fancies he is writing fine; but he seldom falls into this error, more seldom than writers of higher pretensions and lower powers, and is often gracefully poetical without an effort. For instance, bivouacking round a wild night-fire in a savage place and severe weather, he says:

“I laid myself down at length, it was the deep black mystery of the heavens that hung over my eyes—not an earthly thing in the way from my own very forehead right up to the end of all space. I grew proud of my boundless bedchamber. I might have ‘found sermons’ in all this greatness (if I had, I should surely have slept), but such was not then my way. If this cherished self of mine had built the universe, I should have dwelt with delight on the ‘wonders of creation.’ As it was, I felt rather the vain-glory of my promotion from out of mere rooms and houses into the midst of that grand, dark, infinite palace. And then, too, my head, far from the fire, was in cold latitudes, and it seemed to me strange that I should be lying so still, and passive, whilst the sharp night breeze walked free over my cheek, and the cold damp clung to my hair, as though my face grew in the earth, and must bear with the footsteps of the wind, and the falling of the dew, as meekly as the grass of the field.”

And again,—among some Christian girls; freed by the events of war from Mussulmans’ oppressiveness. “And if they catch a glimpse of your ungloved fingers, they again will make the air ring with their sweet screams of wonder and amazement, as they compare the fairness of your hand with their warmer tints and even with the hues of your own sunburnt face; instantly the ring-leader or of the gentle rioters imagines a new sin; with tremulous boldness she touches—then grasps your hand, and smooths it gently betwixt her own, and prys curiously into its make and colour, as though it were silk of Damascus, or shawl of Cashmere. And when they see you even then still sage and gentle, the joyous girls will suddenly, and screamingly, and all at once, explain to each other that you are surely quite harmless and innocent—a lion that makes no spring—a bear that never hugs; and upon this faith, one after the other, they will take your passive hand and strive to explain it, and make it a theme and a controversy. But the one,—the fairest and the sweetest of all, is yet the most timid; she shrinks from the daring deeds of her playmates, and seeks shelter behind their sleeves, and strives to screen her glowing consciousness from the eyes that look upon her; but her laughing sisters will have none of this cowardice—they vow that the fair one shall be their complice—shall share their dangers—shall touch the hand of the stranger; they seize her small wrist, and drag her forward by force, and at last, whilst yet she strives to turn away, and to cover up her whole soul under the folds of downcast eyelids, they vanquish her utmost strength—they vanquish your utmost modesty, and marry her hand to yours. The quick pulse springs from her fingers, and throbs like a whisper upon your listening palm.”

And lastly:—“Near the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lovely sphynx. Comely the creature is; but the comeliness is not of this world. The once-worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation; and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty, some mould of beauty now forgotten,—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Egean, and in her image created new forms of beauty; and made it a law among men, that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your your charitable hand with the big, pouting lips of the very sphynx. Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols; but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangeableness in the midst of change, the same seeming will, and intent for ever, and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings; upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors; upon Napoleon dreaming of an eastern empire; upon battle and pestilence; upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race; upon keen-eyed travellers, Herodotus yesterday and Warburton to day; upon all and more this unworldly sphynx has watched, and watched like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away; and the Englishman leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new, busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the sphynx.”

If these be not poetry, and of a pure and striking kind too, we are no critics. But we must fall back, and it shall be on the monks of Jerusalem:—

“Christianity permits and sanctions the drinking of wine, and of the holy brethren in Palestine there are none who hold fast to this glad-some rite so strenuously as the monks of Damascus; not that they are more zealous Christians, than the rest of their fellows in the Holy Land, but that they have better wine. Whilst I was at Damascus I had my quarters at the Franciscan convent there, and very soon after my arrival I asked one of the monks to let me know something of the spots which deserved to be seen; I made my inquiry in reference to the associations with which the city had been hallowed by the sojourn and adventures of St. Paul. ‘There is nothing in all Damascus,’ said the good man, ‘half so well worth seeing as our cellars;’ and forthwith he invited me to go, see, and admire the long ranges of liquid treasure which he and his brethren had laid up for themselves on earth. And these, I soon found, were

not as the treasures of the miser that lie in unprofitable dish; for day by day and hour by hour, the golden juice ascended from the dark recesses of the cellar to the uppermost brains of the monks. Dear old fellows! in the midst of that solemn land their Christian laughter rang loudly and merrily, their eyes flashed with unceasing bonfires, and their heavy woollen petticoats could no more weigh down the springiness of their paces than the nominal gause of a dance-house can clog her bounding step. The monks do a world of good in their way; and there can be no doubting, that previously to the arrival of Bishop Alexander, with his numerous young family, and his pretty English nursemaids, they were the chief of propagandists of Christianity in Palestine. My old friends of the Franciscan convent at Jerusalem, some time since gave proof of their goodness by delivering themselves up to the peril of death for the sake of duty. When I was their guest they were forty, I believe, in number; and don’t recollect that there was one of them whom I should have looked upon as a desirable life-holder of any property to which I might be entitled to expectancy. Yet these forty were reduced in a few days to nineteen; the plague was the messenger that summoned them to a taste of real death. But the circumstances under which they perished are rather curious; and though I have no authority for the story except an Italian newspaper, I harbour no doubt of its truth, for the facts were detailed with minuteness, and strictly corresponded with all that I knew of the poor fellows to whom they related. It was about three months after the time of my leaving Jerusalem that the plague set his spotted foot on the Holy City. The monks felt great alarm; they did not shrink from their duty, but for its performance they chose a plan, most sadly well fitted for bringing down upon them the very death which they were striving to ward off. They imagined themselves almost safe so long as they remained within their walls; but then it was quite needful that the Catholic Christians of the place, who had always looked to the convent for the supply of their spiritual wants, should receive the aids of religion in the hour of death. A single monk, therefore, was chosen, either by lot or by some other fair appeal to destiny; being thus singled out, he was to go forth into the plague-stricken city, and to perform with exactness his priestly duties; then he was to return, not to the interior of the convent for fear of infecting his brethren, but to a detached building (which I remember) belonging to the establishment, but at some little distance from the inhabited rooms; he was provided with a bell, and at a certain hour in the morning he was ordered to ring it if he could; but if no sound was heard at the appointed time, then knew his brethren that he was either delirious or dead, and another martyr was sent forth to take his place. In this way twenty-one of the monks were carried off. One cannot well fail to admire the steadiness with which the dismal scheme was carried through; but if there be any truth in the notion that disease may be invited by a frightening imagination, it is difficult to conceive a more dangerous plan than that which was chosen by these poor fellows. The anxiety with which they must have expected each day the sound of the bell; the silence that reigned instead of it; and then the drawing of the lots (the odds against death being one part lower than yesterday), and the going forth of the newly doomed man,—if this must have widened the gulf that opens to the shades below; when his victim had already suffered so much of mental torture, it was but easy work for big, bulging Pestilence to follow a forlorn monk from the beds of the dying, and wench away his life from him as he lay all alone in an outhouse.”

#### THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760.

BY HARRY LORREQUE, AUTHOR OF “CHARLES O’MALEY,” ETC.

##### CHAPTER XI.—THE CHURCHYARD.

“I beg your reverence’s pardon and the gentlemen’s,” said the sexton as he approached with the keys. “Lameness and thin your honours see, are both on my side askin ye to fo give me.”

“Don’t concern yourself for an excuse, Jonathan,” said Dr. Connor, “we have not waited long. If you were even in fault, I am sorry to say you have years enough to plond in favour. I should think Mr. Carleton, Jonathan Ligget is not less than eighty years of age.”

“Yes, your reverence and more; I was with Captain Palliser the day that Magrath betrayed the party to long Antony, and that’s well on to sixty years ago. Come-lammas I’ll be, if God leaves me till then, four score and ten, a long life sir, and a weary one the first half of it was, and the half that was in peace not without its troubles. I’m thinkin sir, that if I live a little longer, the times at the end of my days won’t be far unlike what they were at the beginning.”

“Tell me Jonathan, have you found out a reason why sextons are never young? We have new churches, new church-yards, but always old sextons. How comes this?”

“Death, please your reverence is very ancient. It would n’t be respectful towards him, to have giddy boys awaiting on him. Its my thinkin’ that if the youngest man in the parish was to be made sexton, to be here in the solitary place, where the dead are lying, at all hours—grey in mornin’, moonshine, some, times in the dark night with his lantern; he’d very soon feel that it was down right improper to be young, and he would grow as old in a few years as others do in half a life. And then, your reverence, he’d stop at that as I did myself; only for the years on the stones here, I’d never know that time was passing at all.”

“But it is passing with us all, good Jonathan, or rather we are borne on with it in its passage to that ocean where time shall be no more.”

By this time the sexton’s key had done its office, the ponderous gates creaking on their hinges, swung open with iron clang, and Neville, or Carleton as we must call him, entered. A thrill as of an electric shock passed through his frame as he stood for the first time in the burial-place of his fathers.

Within those precincts the mortal remains of his ancestors for ten generations reposed in peace. Years, even ages had passed away, but seemed to have respected the hallowed seclusion. From that same ivy-crowded tower, came yet the summons which had called sire and son—matron and maiden of his race, to enter through the low-arched portal to the house of prayer, for holy worship. Thence had rung out the glad peals of welcome to many a bridal group of the fair and brave, and thence too swung the dirge solemn and sad, when a Neville was gathered to his fathers.

The tall white gate with its quaint elaborate tracery—the massive pillars on either side—the hoary tower directly in front, and many of the grey stately monuments around, bore tokens of a venerable antiquity; even the straight broad walk shaded by the protecting arms of a centenary oak, which led from the gate to the church, was the same which had been worn by the steps of his ancestors for ages before—where gambolling childhood had been taught to stay its steps in honour of the place, and decrepit age had moved slowly on, and neighbourly greetings were exchanged as families in friendship met. All was now silent and solitary, except that at the moment when the party entered the



gate, a large rook stood fixed, as if he were guardian of the place, on a pinnacle of the tower, cawed one hoarse note of challenge to the intruders, then rising slowly from his post sailed silently away.

Dr. Connor who saw Carleton's altered countenance and knew what was passing in his mind, engaged the sexton in conversation while his young friend recovered composure or the appearance of it. He then led the way towards a little cluster of monuments on a plot of ground kept with nicer care than the other parts of the enclosure, and separate or rather divided from them by a yew tree hedge cut into openings in the form of gothic arches.

"There," said he, "we cannot say,

'The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,'

in the sense of the poet. Perhaps, although not known in history, there is scarcely one of those to whom these monuments were first raised who did not merit a niche in the temple of fame. They were men to tell of, Jonathan."

"They were, your reverence. It does me as much good, sir, (begging your pardon) as a sermon, to be thinkin' of 'em. How they fought for the Protestant Church and gave, many a one of them, house and lands, aye, and some of them life, to defend it, and now it defends them in their tombs and their children and followers in houses and estates. See sir, how sheltered they are. On the roughest day you could see the shrubs in that little spot without a stir in their branches, just as still as the tombs themselves."

"Still," said Carleton as they passed into the enclosure, "still, as their once fiery spirits. Our good old guide is not wrong in his description of the tranquillizing effect of a spot like this. Were all buried in this nook, all I mean to whom these monuments were first erected, soldiers?"

"Not a man that wasn't, sir, and that was not a brave soldier."

"Were all on the right side in your wars, all on one side?"

"No in troth were they not. There on your right is the tomb of a Lumley that rode out a volunteer-like with Captain Palliser the day we were betrayed; and close beside him under the same tree, may be both of them and their families feeding its roots, there is a Neville that fought at Aughrim with St. Ruth, and afterwards was at Limerick when it was besieged and taken. Well its a moving thing to see them there now so quiet. I remember well Captain Lumley and his angry looks. He was made a prisoner with us, and all he was mortified for was, that he couldn't fight at Aughrim. Captain Palliser made his escape out of prison and joined the army in time, but how the other did swear and storm when he heard of the battle; I remember one day I made free to remind him of the proclamation against cursing and swearing that was out in the army before we were betrayed, and would you believe it sir, he never said—wrong you did it Ligget. I told him that the sentries that kept guard, all understood the meaning of English oaths, and that it looked like disrespect to the king and the general, for an officer of the royal army to swear in such a way contrary to regulations. What did he say, but you are right, soldier, I hope I'll remember it another time, but still I am sure, allowance would be made for a case like mine. To be taken in such a silly way and chained up, while men are fighting for the king and cause."

"An unhappy affair that was, Jonathan; tell the story of it to Mr. Carleton; he has never heard it."

"With submission to your reverence. We left Birr, sir, of a morning—a party of from sixty to eighty infantry, headed by Captain Palliser and Lieutenant Armstrong, in company with Captain Lumley. He did not like to be out of anything that was doing, so he asked leave to join. There was a report that every officer, except Captain Palliser, had doubts about the guide; but the Captain would not be persuaded to give in to them. Well, sir, after a march of about three hours, we came near the top of a high hill, and a halt was ordered, not by beat of drum, but the front rank halted, and the word was passed along the line for us to halt, and ground arms. Then the three officers and Magrath, the guide, stepped out from the lines, and we saw them near the brow of the hill, talking and making signs. We soon got our orders, and marched forward. It was easy to see what the guide was praised for and rewarded."

"In a low hollow, about a quarter of a mile off, there was a party of Rapparees resting quite at their ease, and a drove of black cattle and sheep, not less, it might be, than a dozen score in all, in the meadow about them. They could not, we thought, escape, as we were still hard by a thick grove, and the guide showed a path that wound through the trees, and where we could be out of sight until we were near enough for action."

"Ragged and disorderly enough they looked, sir, for men to be called soldiers; and still they had a kind of discipline. You'd see a party of them lying about in a field—the men, many of them bare-legged and bare-headed—the horsemen riding without stirrups; and sometimes you'd see mats of straw spread over their breasts by way of armour—its little it defended them."

"Well, when we could come in sight of them, and prepare to charge, at the first report of a firelock, or the first sound of trumpet, you could see the fellows start up and get into a kind of order, as if they would fight to the last. On we used to come, and, all of a sudden, not a rag of them would be in sight. Here and there maybe a half-naked carcass would be lying, but whatever had life in it would be gone—it used to be as if the earth had swallowed them up quick. And then again, at some signal unknown to us, the hills all round would be alive with them. Yes, sir, they would sink into the bogs till nothing was above the mire but their heads, concealed in grass and rushes; they knew so well the depth of every moss and quagmire, they could find bottom just alongside of places where that church and steeple would easily be covered. They could hide behind turf-stacks, hay-ricks, heaps of stones, in little caves and hollows, in such a way that you would think there was not a head or hoof of them in sight, and maybe a minute after you'd find your party surrounded by them on every side. 'Twas like what you'd read of in story-books, or what poor blinded cratures tell of the fairies. And still, your reverence, we never could bring ourselves to have any fear of such poor scarecrows, but whenever we came in view of a party, looked upon them as prisoners or prey."

"Well, sir, it was just such a party as one of these we saw before us; horned cattle grazing at large, and the Rapparees themselves, some moving about among the cows, milking them and keeping them within bounds—some lying lazy and half naked on the sod; you'd say the very beasts themselves looked more human and civil than their keepers. My gentleman the guide stood there on the hill-top till we all past. We were soon—I may well say, gentlemen, soon enough—in upon the Rapparees, and certainly it did not take much persuasion to make them fly, or us to pursue. But the thing looked ugly enough, when from every side of us, in the low, boggy ground, shots began to tell upon our party. This was bad, but it was soon from bad to worse; we saw ourselves surrounded by a strong body, or, I might say, several strong bodies, posted on the sides of hills that commanded a little flat piece of ground where the Rapparees had drawn us on by flying before us. The fellows were not long idle; they saluted us with a very damaging volley that we returned as well as we could—the best we could do was but a poor return."

"Well, gentlemen, there was an old tower or castle at the entrance of the little valley. The Captain ordered us to make for it in double quick time, and, to our surprise and great relief, we found it without a guard. The lower part was open, and as the fire-locks were able to tell on us there, we took post on the story above, with two openings in it, from which we could annoy the enemy; we soon found that they could annoy us too, so we were ordered to sit down under the level of the windows, and out of the range of the bullets."

"'Twas bad enough, only that it was among the fortunes of war. We found that out of our whole party there were but twenty of us in the tower—twenty rank and file I mean—the three officers were there: both Lieutenant Armstrong and Captain Lumley wounded."

"Captain Palliser tried to cheer us up. 'You see, my lads,' said he, 'these fellows never do their work completely; they laid an ambush for us, and left this defensive position for our accommodation; only be steady and maintain it—you shall soon see that our condition has become theirs. Magrath had a fast horse, and he will soon have out reinforcements.'

"Although the Captain spoke brave enough, we had not much dependance on his words; indeed, I thought he had as little himself; still, what he said was reasonable—we had nothing for it but to defend ourselves."

"After a short time the firing against us ceased altogether, and on looking out of the window, Captain Lumley reported that they were still drawn up in different divisions, and standing as if on parade. So he lay down, the wound in his leg making it troublesome to stand. It was bandaged up as well as we, in our coarse way, could do the thing; but, no doubt, it gave him pain, and he had time, now we were idle, to feel it."

"Well, we all remained sitting or lying down, and after a while we began to look in each other's faces, uncomfortable enough. A thin, sharp smoke was for some time back creeping like over the floor; it took our breath short betimes, and many of us had severe fits of coughing. Then we became uneasy; the smoke grew thicker and darker; it came up in a flood of rising mist through the stone staircase wrought in the wall. Our faces, as we looked at each other, grew terrible—more terrible than they say the looks of spectres are. The smoke curled around us, moving so dreadfully until we hardly knew whether the countenances of one another were our own, or if they belonged to the creeping, encroaching thing that was stifling us all, and changing so wonderfully every thing we could look upon."

"It was not long before all was dark, and from loud talk and cries, we grew silent, every man of us; then we could hear a sound like of flesh meat over a smart fire, and then came into our dark shelter, something worse than the darkness and the stifling. What a stench it was! There was not a heart among us that did not quake at it."

"By —," cries out Captain Lumley, 'they are burning the brave fellows that fell, and are poisoning us like rats, as we are, if we bear it. Palliser,' says he, 'they have us in a trap; I can only limp, but I'll do what a wounded man can, if you will give an order that men may act upon.'

"Well, gentlemen, after a little, down we went through a smoke as black and horrid as ever men lived through—darkness that might be felt, as the Scripture says; and that dreadful smell! For a while we could not see when we got into the light, but when we did, there was to the amount of a regiment drawn out around the gateway. We had no hope or thought but of dying—and dying like soldiers; but an officer, holding up a handkerchief on the point of his sword, stepped forward. Captain Palliser, the only officer without a wound with us, met him. The end was, that we laid down our arms, and became prisoners of war, and, except the Captain, who made his escape, remained shut up in Limerick while Aughrim was won, and until Limerick itself surrendered."

"As to Captain Lumley, he said he never forgave the bringing the dead bodies of our own men against us in such a shocking way. Does your reverence remember the revenge he planned?"

"There was something, I think of an unchristian direction in his will, but I really forget it."

"Why, your reverence, he left the estates to his nephew—the nephew that was called stubborn Jack—on certain conditions;—one of them was that he shouldn't marry a papist, and some others of the same kind. The poor Captain gave directions for his funeral; fifty Irishmen were to be invited; two quarts of usquebaugh were to be laid before each man of this quare party; and another thing was to be placed, too, before every one of them—a long knife—a skene, as they call it, or a dirk; it was an odd will, sir."

"Surely," said Dr. Connor, "you do not mean to say, Jonathan, that you believe the story of such a will being carried into execution. It is too dreadful to think of."

"But the will was made, and moreover, stubborn Jack was sued at law about the property, for not complying with it. I remember well, an oily cousin he had, that discoursed about the sin of destroying so many lives. The will was the talk of the country, and many a one went to the wake, to see about it. The cousin, silky Simon, goes there, and he had a power of speech with Jack—so they settled it between them—and when the fifty bogtrotters walked into the room where the body lay, every man found a famous slice of beef and bread at his service, and under it, when his meal was ended, a silver crown piece—and so they all attended to the grave without bloodshed or quarreling."

"Well, it was not long before Jack was brought to trouble for his good conduct. Silky Simon, after persuading him to it, takes the law of him, to break the will, because Jack didn't keep to it. The neighbours said it was quare enough that a property won by doing good execution against the Irish, was to be lost by sparing them. How Jack was always stubborn against his uncle, while he lived—and was now like to suffer for stubbornness after the old man's death—and how Silky was at last to have the reward of all his suppleness, and quare enough, too, of being supple when the proper time for being so seemed past and gone—but what a shout there was in the court, when a witness was called for Jack, a carpenter that made a false bottom for the table, and proved that there was a jar of usquebaugh and a skene before every man, although nobody, except Jack and himself knew of it—and so, the Judge said that the will was complied with, for there was no word in it about any man seeing the things."

"Moreover, there was a parson brought out, who had a will made by Captain Lumley, when it was thought he was on dying—the same with the other, except for the plot about the funeral, and saying, 'Whereas, I, Savage Lumley,' and here the old sexton assumed the tone of one reading a law document, as he continued his recital, 'did give a direction not becoming a Christian, in a will made by me, ordering usquebaugh and a dagger to be given to Irish who were to be invited to my wake, it is my dying wish, that my heir, John Lumley, commonly called stubborn Jack, shall not comply with this my wicked desire, of which I do repent me.' This was made, your reverence, after the other will—but the Captain recovered again, and it would not be remembered, only for Parson Moore, that never stopped raking among old papers till he found it."



"Here's the monument, sir, and close by, so friendly like, the vaults of the Nevilles. A long line of them there was, sir, always true to their king and country, till the troubled times that came by the means of this poor papist, James, and his party, and the Nevilles, sir, good Protestants for all that—Howsoever, the man that's now in Garretstown is a true Hanoverian, and took the oaths—there's the stone that he set up for the two that went before him, father and son. He wanted to have a stone set up in the church, only the doctor, that's Doctor Vyse, that was here before your reverence, was mighty particular—I remember his very words. 'I judge no man,' said he, 'but this unhappy gentleman provoked his violent end, and was committing sin when he met the wound he died of—it would be a sinful compliance with the times to yield to Mr. Neville's request.'

### CAPTAIN CUNYNGHAME'S RECOLLECTIONS OF SERVICE.

Captain Cunyngame sailed as Aide-de-camp to Lord Saltoun, with the additional forces sent from England against the Chinese at the latter end of 1841. After a voyage of more than seven months, in which the vessel touched at Rio Janeiro, the Cape of Good Hope, Java, and Singapore, the reinforcements arrived in the Yellow River in time to allow the Aide-de-camp to assist in the closing operations which compelled the Emperor to grant our demands. When the little fighting and long talks were over, and the first instalment of the money paid, which Sir Henry Pottinger received as proofs of sincerity, Capt. Cunyngame, in company with the Admiral and Lord Saltoun, visited the Spanish possession of Manila; when they were fêted in no ordinary degree, and made various excursions through the island. Leaving the hospitable Spaniards, they reached Calcutta; whence Capt. Cunyngame came home by steam, of course *via* Egypt.

In regard to the war itself no novelty was to be expected, nor does Captain Cunyngame aim at furnishing any; which, considering his limited opportunities of observing it, is judicious. He merely professes to record what fell within his own observation, and struck him as worthy of noting from the impression it made upon his own mind.

It will be seen from the account of the *Recollections*, that they embrace a sailing-voyage to and a steam-voyage from the East, a visit to the Indian Archipelago, with notices of China and Manila. Each of these sections has its points, but we shall limit our extracts to China and Manila. The following, if not the only, is the best description we have met with of a

#### CHINESE JUNK.

"This huge box (I cannot bring myself to call it by any other name) was far the most extraordinary thing of the kind I had ever seen. Although, after being constantly accustomed to see them, the novelty soon wears off, yet the first impression cannot fail to be that of wonder how any people could dream of navigating the trackless ocean in this huge coffin. She must have far exceeded 500 tons burden, according to a rough calculation which by eyesight alone we made of her. The upper part of her poop was at least as high as that of a seventy-four, with curious staircases and passages communicating to the different portions of the ship, more after the fashion of a house; her mast was a magnificent spar, eleven feet in circumference, and of prodigious height; her cables, composed of coir, made from the outer covering of the cocoa-nut, for durability and lightness unequalled; and her wooden anchors, although primitive in their construction, would, I doubt not, have answered perfectly well in any but a rocky bottom, which is scarcely ever to be met with on the coasts or harbors they are accustomed to anchor in. Her sides were painted with a rude imitation of ports; and, what with her numberless flags and streamers, her huge unwieldy mat-sails, her gigantic rudder, and antediluvian looking crew, she presented a novel and striking sight; but certainly she could in no way merit the term of 'walking the waters like a thing of life.'

#### CHINESE CULTIVATION AND IMPLEMENTS.

"We passed the batteries which had so recently been the scene of such dreadful slaughter, and, stemming a strong current, proceeded rapidly up the river. The country through which it wound its way was a perfect flat as far as the eye could reach, and in as high a state of cultivation as the market-gardens around London; small farm-houses stood in every direction, neatly encircled with flower-gardens, the whole presenting a perfect picture of wealth, fertility, industry, and comfort: and when we were informed—a circumstance we had every reason to believe perfectly true—that the same state of things existed not only throughout the whole of this but of all the neighbouring provinces, any one of which, as regards extent, would make a handsome kingdom for an European potentate, some slight idea may be formed of the endless internal agricultural wealth of the Chinese empire, and the little concern the Emperor of this mighty country has been accustomed to bestow on foreign nations, their commerce, trade, or anything else concerning them. Numerous implements of agriculture, which we supposed only to be known to the most scientific and highly-instructed European nations, were discovered in great numbers, and in constant use among them, from the plough and common harrow to the winnow and thrashing-machine, with which scarcely any farm-house, however small, was unprovided. Added to which, for the purpose of irrigation, scarcely any considerable field that did not possess its chain-pump, for the purpose of irrigating their crops by drawing water from the lower levels, with comparatively small labour to themselves; from which models I have not the least doubt those at present in use in our navy or merchantmen were taken."

#### LEVYING BLACK MAIL.

"Great lenity was invariably shown towards the inhabitants of the different towns which we occupied; strict orders being given by the heads of departments, not to molest or interfere with the people in any way, and by no means to despoil them of anything they had in their possession. Some of the soldiers were, however, far better financiers than their chiefs imagined; and being placed as sentries at the different gates of the towns, politely requested—and, it is needless to add, were seldom refused—a sum of money from every Chinese who passed through. In times of alarm, this species of black mail amounted to a considerable sum, it being almost impossible, when discovered, to make the people themselves understand that this tax was not levied by authority. Upon one occasion, an officer of very high rank was stepping through the gate as this impost was being levied, and in the hurry and confusion of presenting arms, the sentry let his whole bag fall to the ground. An inquiry was immediately made into the circumstance; and, upon examination of his purse, it was discovered that, although the man had only been at this post half-an-hour, no less a sum than forty dollars was found in it: clearly showing what a good harvest he had reaped from the financial speculation which he had undertaken."

#### THE PUZZLE OF TRUTH.

"Truth is by no means so highly looked up to on this side of the globe as it is on the other. For instance, when it was reported to the Emperor that her

Britannic Majesty's Plenipotentiary had publicly stated his intention of proceeding to the North with the army, his Imperial Majesty set it down as positively certain that we were all about to decamp home; remarking, sagely enough as he thought, that the very act of our making no secret of our intention of proceeding to the North, was a sure sign we intended to take the opposite course."

The civilized adornment of the wig has often created surprise and alarm among the unenlightened; but the following is about the best story of the kind, from the professional character of the artist, and his certainty of the previous condition of the head.

#### THE MIRACLE OF THE WIG.

"In some instances they looked upon us as gods, in some as devils, in all as a very extraordinary race. As an instance of this, I will here relate a most absurd story which was told me by an officer at Nankin, and which will go far to show the fear with which we were looked upon by this superstitious race. After my friend had visited the Porcelain Tower, being somewhat fatigued, he stepped into a barber's shop, and, by way of employing his time, he desired the barber to shave his head. This gentleman wore a wig, but which, for the sake of coolness, he had placed in his pocket: this operation of shaving, so common in China, was speedily and quickly executed, the barber seeming to be delighted with the honour of shaving one of the illustrious strangers. Previously to his leaving the shop, and while the man's attention was called in some other direction, my friend replaced his wig upon his head, little thinking of the result of this simple process: no sooner, however, had the barber turned round and observed him, whom he had so lately cleared of every vestige of hair, suddenly covered with a most luxuriant growth, than taking one steady gaze at him, to make sure he was not deceived, he let fall the razor, cleared his counter at a bound, and running madly through the crowd which was speedily collected, cried out, that he was visited by the Devil. No entreaties could induce him to return, until every Fanqui had left the neighbourhood; so palpable a miracle as this being, in his opinion, quite beyond the powers of all the gods or demons in the Bhuddist calendar."

#### CHINESE CARICATURES.

"I must not omit to mention our having accidentally stumbled upon the shop of a native caricaturist, who had been depicting, for the benefit of his more distant countrymen, various representations of the red-bristled barbarians. Poor fellow, on being discovered he was struck dumb with consternation, expecting at least a sound bamboozing for the liberty he had taken with our figures and habits; when, much to his surprise and that of the bystanders, we not only laughed immoderately at his productions, but retaining possession of his whole stock, paid him handsomely for the same. I am sorry to be obliged to confess that some of them struck home, freely representing both services as no enemies to the bottle."

"I had afterwards an opportunity of seeing many very talented caricatures; for when the artists found their productions no longer gave offence, they did not scruple to exhibit them. Among the most amusing, and by no means untrue to character, was that of a certain General in the early portion of the expedition, in the act of himself bargaining for a fowl; his eagerness to obtain the fowl, and, moreover, at his own price, being depicted with such spirit and truth as would have done justice to the pencil of the far-famed 'Hu' himself."

#### THE CAPTAIN'S PROOF OF CHINESE CIVILIZATION.

"No higher proof, perhaps, may be adduced of the high state of civilization to which they have arrived, than that the military profession, so far from being considered the most honourable, is, with the exception of their priesthood, considered the lowest: the first station in society being given to men of letters, the second to merchants, and the last to the paid military defenders of their country."

#### COMMERCE AT HONG-KONG.

"The harbour at Hong-kong was generally very crowded with Chinese native craft. The gayest and most highly decorated boats which arrived at our port were those which brought from Canton a mercantile commodity very commonly trafficked in by the Chinese. These were young ladies, who were bent upon the speculation of marriage; being brought from the exuberant population of the interior towns to supply this deficiency among the numerous settlers who had come from the continent to our new colony, so many of every trade and occupation having already flocked in vast numbers to the island. These boats arrived with drums and gongs beating, and colours flying, generally coming to an anchor immediately under my own window: tea-tables were soon arranged; and the young ladies, from twenty to forty in number, arrayed in their smartest jackets and trousers, might be seen endeavouring to bewitch those visitors who dock to the boats. I was informed that the price, generally speaking, averaged from one hundred to two hundred dollars: the greater portion of which money was transferred to the mother of the young lady, a due proportion being charged for the expenses attendant upon the voyage, together with commission, &c. upon the bargain. I have known instances of some of the natives of India becoming purchasers; but in that case, they would obtain solely the refuse of the community. Upon one occasion, a hitmagar or table-servant, a native of Bengal, complained to me, and entreated my interference, stating that he had intrusted a friend of his own, who had gone to Macao, with one hundred dollars, all his savings, for the purpose of buying him a nice comely wife; but when she arrived, she by no means answered the description given of her, being too short and too old, and by no means a hundred-dollar wife, but not more than a thirty dollar one; when, much to his grief as well as surprise, he only got laughed at by me for his pains."

#### MANILLA WEAVING.

"The natives may be reckoned as industrious, perhaps more so, than are generally seen within the Tropics. The manufacture, for which they are so famous, of cigar-cases, and hats of a peculiar grass, has long been known and deservedly prized at home. The most intricate tartan plaid they will imitate with a faithfulness and dexterity truly surprising; and those who have received no instruction whatever in letters will work a name or a figure with these differently-coloured straws without the smallest deviation from any given pattern. We were, however, unprepared to meet among these rude people, a fabric which as much surpasses in its texture the finest French cambric as the latter does the commonest piece of Manchester cotton-cloth. This latter is called *pinia*, pronounced *pinia*; being made from the finest fibres of the pine, beaten out, combed, and wove with a delicacy that it is impossible to rival, possessing at the same time an incredible durability. Its colour is white, slightly tinged with blue. Many months prior to our arrival, the Great Parsee merchant of Bombay, who had lately been honoured by knighthood, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, had directed an entire dress to be sent home, in order that he might present her Britannic Majesty with something that might be considered worthy the acceptance of his Queen. We were fortunate enough to see it, just prior to its de-



parture. The order had been for one large dress, and two or three small ones for the Prince and Princess, with an injunction from the munificent donor, that three thousand dollars' worth of labour should be expended upon it. I was assured by the merchant who undertook to execute it, 'hat between thirty and forty women were employed for nine months, working the entire day, upon the tambour: and from the specimen we then saw, as also from having minutely watched their subsequent labour, I am not inclined the least to doubt the truth of what he told me, however exaggerated it may appear. Moreover, to insure the due attendance of the fair dancellars of the needle, it had been customary to incarcerate a considerable portion of them every evening in a species of honourable confinement, being unable to trust to the promises of their returning to such severe labour in the morning. It may not, however, be improbable but that some of my readers have been, ere this, gratified with a sight of the dress itself, in which case, they may have the satisfaction of knowing that they have seen the handsomest as well as the most expensive ever worked in Manila, perhaps in the world. The handkerchiefs cost sixty dollars each; a curious circumstance, where, in this cheap country, a whole family can live well for three or four dollars a month."

#### IMPORTANCE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

"There are few foreign colonies more coveted by our neighbours on the other side the Channel than the Philippine group; not so much from the fertility of the soil or the commercial value of the country, as the ability which they, or any powerful European nation, would thereby have of raising a considerable army, accustomed to a Tropical climate; without which description of force any aggression which might be contemplated either against our possessions in the East, those of the Dutch, or even of the Malays, but more especially any war against the Celestial Empire, must of necessity prove abortive, not so much from the lack of physical force, or from the enormous expense which would be required to fit out an expedition entirely composed of Europeans, as from the certainty of the dreadful ravages of disease, which those so totally unclimatised would of necessity fall a sacrifice to. Although we can have no wish to increase our already overgrown colonies, yet it behoves us to keep a watchful eye over the Philippines, lest they should glide from the hands of their present innocuous holders, into those of any of our crafty or powerful neighbours of the Western hemisphere, to whom their possession might engender ideas at variance with the peace of the whole world. I do not hesitate in stating, that should any well-organized country assume the reins of government, with plenty of money to enforce their wishes, an army of 100,000 men might be collected in less than six months, composed of the flower of the peasantry: and so intelligent are these people, that I believe, from what I have already seen of their troops, they might be brought into the field well-disciplined and fit for service considerably under a year."

It should be observed that Capt. Conynghame wields the pencil as well as the pen; and his illustrations often give life and distinctness to the text, where pictured representation is required to present the reality.

#### THE SUNIASSIE.

One of the most extensive provinces in the Deccan, as that portion of India is termed which is situated between the rivers Nerbudda and Kistna, is the Goandwana—a wild, mountainous, and unhealthy district, though the care and culture of the few Mahratta families from Nagpore, that are found in certain parts, have rendered them fertile and productive. The general aspect of the country, however, is unfavourable; and, where occupied by the native Goands, almost an entire sheet of jungle. This wretched tribe, perhaps the very lowest in the scale of all the natives of India, though Hindoos of the Brahminical cast, profess peculiarities that are at variance with the tenets of Brahma, permitting themselves the indulgence of animal food, and abstaining only from that of the cow. For many years the tradition popular among the natives of Lower India, that among the Goands there were certain sects that offered annual human sacrifices to the destroyer, was ridiculed by the European community; but later investigations, and the testimony of an intelligent and inquiring officer, Captain Crawford, of Bengal, whose intimate knowledge of the habits and customs of the east has seldom been equalled, have proved, beyond all doubt, the prevalence of this revolting and terrible practice. It was in the year 1819 that a singular chance, or rather a series of rare events, confirmed my own belief in the existence of a crime, which was then darkly hinted at, but which was only credited by the sepoys and natives of Madras.

The regiment to which I was at that period attached, was en route from Bangalore, in Mysore, to Chanda, in Berar, a distance of no less than six hundred miles; when one morning, after reaching our encampment for the day, I sallied out into the jungle, with a brother officer, whose fowling-piece made frequent and welcome additions to our commonplace marching fare. Calvert Montford was a gay-hearted, handsome, generous fellow, the favourite of the whole corps, from the bluff old commandant to Meer Ali, the flugelman; though, in truth, he was apt, in the exuberant hilarity of youth, to commit vexatious solecisms in the serious matter of military etiquette. Our kind, but stern commanding officer, Major Beckett, was frequently obliged to check, with a severity that was sometimes half assumed, the heedless gamesomeness which too often led Montford into dilemmas that, by compromising the credit of the corps, might have provoked graver punishment if subjected to the pitiless analysis of higher authorities. Not that a single grain of vicious or dishonourable feeling could be sited by even malevolence from the volatile matter which formed the faults of my friend; but he was ever and anon offending the gravity of official ceremony—insulting, out of mere schoolboy fun, the prejudices of the native population—and erring against the common discipline of the service. Complaints were constantly being brought against him by the inhabitants of the towns and villages through which we passed; now the house of a surly Mahomedan had been forcibly entered, now a sacred pigeon had been shot at while roosting on the very pinnacle of a pagoda; yesterday half-a-dozen palmyra-trees had been pilfered of their tari-pots;\* and to-day some nameless offence had been offered to the idol of Vishnoo itself; while once upon a time he was likely to have fared still worse for having dared to pursue one of the dancing girls belonging to the temple into the very precincts of that prohibited edifice. But to proceed. We had traversed a considerable quantity of ground with various success; a few hares and green pigeons had been bagged and confided to the care of Calvert's *kootay-walla* (dog-keeper), and the day beginning to heaten into true Oriental fervour, we were on our return when we came unexpectedly upon an old grey pagoda in ruins, and so completely hugged in by trees, that we saw it not until we were close upon it. A sharp bark from Calvert's dog attracted our attention towards it, and running round the corner of

the building, we beheld a huge brown monkey, squatted on an arch of the temple, and indulging in a series of facial contortions. Montford raised his gun.

"*Mut maro, sahib!*" (do not fire, sir!) cried the dogboy, in evident alarm, "it is a sacred monkey, and the Brahmins will be displeased."

But scarcely had the warning passed his lips ere Calvert fired, and down at his feet fell the poor animal quite dead.

At the same moment forth from the dismantled pagoda there rushed a being of so appalling, so spectral an appearance, that had it not been familiar to us, we might have questioned its claims to humanity. But for the ten days before, the Suniassie, who now leaped forwards uttering the most frightful yells and imprecations, had followed our camp. I have since then frequently lamented that the art of the painter was not mine, for the whole scene would have made a striking picture. The Suniassie was a gaunt, muscular man, in the decline of life; wrapped in a scanty, but close-fitting tunic, of many-coloured patchwork, which extended scarcely to his knees, leaving his nether limbs entirely naked;—his long grizzled hair, matted in greasy folds, fell down his shoulders to the waist, from which, tied by a girdle of rope, hung a gourd to hold his arms, while in his hand he carried a bunch of peacock feathers. His face was smeared with white ashes, and his natural ugliness was increased by the deformity of a nose which had been slit—whether in penance, or as a punishment for some former offence, is unknown.

Pointing to the still quivering body of the monkey, he poured forth the grossest revilings of which the Hindostani language is capable, against the English in general, and my friend in particular. Flinging his arms up to the sky, he called down curses upon the destroyer of the monkey, which made the dogboy cower in very terror; and while we stood gazing in silence, as we might have done at a play, he sprang suddenly towards the shrine, lifted a huge stone, dipped it in the blood of the animal and ere we could fathom his intent, flung it with all his force at the head of Calvert. It struck him on the temple, and he fell, stupified for the moment, but not materially injured. In my rage I darted towards the Suniassie, but ere I could reach him he plunged amid the ruins of the pagoda, and in another moment was seen high up on the crumbling parapet, whence shouting the words, "*Dawa! Dawa!*" (revenge! revenge!) he disappeared.

The revengeful nature of the Hindoo religious mendicant is well known; but though frequently displayed in the upper provinces of India is seldom outwardly expressed nearer to the seat of government. Of these hypocritical and bigoted beggars there are four sects; consisting of the Gosains, or Suniassies, who are followers of Siva; the Byragees, disciples of Vishnu; Udassies, attached to the Seik creed; and Jogies, who are distinguished from the others by the burial instead of the burning of their dead. The Suniassie, who is the unworthy hero of my present sketch, had appeared suddenly in our camp; where he was an object of fear to the generality of our sepoys, who were neither allied to him by country nor connexion, for he was a native of Bengal. More than once he had interfered in disputes with which he had nothing in common, and had been ordered from the camp in consequence of his insolent and malignantly expressed detestation of the English.

Meanwhile Calvert Montford recovered to feel little ill effects from a blow which had been too slight to cause other results than a headache and a bruise; but as he had so often incurred the reprimands of his commanding officers for offending the superstition of the natives, the death of the monkey, and its attendant punishment, were concealed from Major Beckett until after many days, when, having seen nothing more of the Suniassie, the whole matter was freely talked over at the mess-table. A general laugh was raised at the expense of Calvert Montford by the juniors, but there were others who expressed astonishment that no complaint had been made about the destruction of the sacred monkey, while the disappearance of the mendicant served equally to puzzle all.

"I am glad he is no longer with us," observed the major; "but, young man, should you meet him again, excite not his ire, he is a dangerous playfellow, and it is seldom that such creatures forego their purposes of vengeance."

We had been about nine months at Chanda—a dreary old city, some eighty miles south of Nagpore, surrounded by woods which were infested by tigers, and in the unwholesome fastnesses of which, bidding defiance to malaria and fever mist, Montford found frequent relief from the ennui which is almost sure to assail the tedious hours of an inert military life. Chanda, with its ruinous ramparts, six miles in circumference, its heterogeneous population of Mahomedans, Mahrattas, and Brahmins, of all denominations, contained no Europeans but the officers of our own regiment, and at that period we had not a married man amongst us; so that the charms of female society being denied us, alack for him who found not in his gun or his book, his pen or his pencil, that relaxation which, in stations less lonely, he looks for in the social circles and the crowded company. Several of the officers, too, were detached, and I was ordered to Wurra, a village some twelve miles from Chanda, where my duties were to protect it and the adjoining hamlets from the aggressions of bands of marauders, then ravaging the whole country on the banks of the river Wurda, close to which my little party were pleasantly encamped. Montford, at the same time, obtained a month's leave to roam the jungles, and spent two days with me; after which, crossing the Wurda, and attended by his three servants and a favourite sepoy, in plain clothes, he commenced his knight-errantry. The month had nearly slipped by, when one morning, as my solitary drum and fife were blending their *recueil de* sounds with the lowing of newly-roused kine, the crowing of cocks, and the tinkling bells of a flock of sheep, I was surprised by the appearance of a doly, or litter, such as is used by the better class of natives up country, which, attended by a horseman, was fording the stream in front of my tent.

"*Dekho, jee!*" cried a sepoy near me; "*Montford sahib ata hie*" (look, sir, Mr. Montford is coming), and so it was. In another moment we were shaking hands, and my eyes were asking a hundred questions about the doly before my tongue had uttered one. But I will skip the unending of the sweet freight which that vehicle bore, the arrangements made for its comfortable accommodation, and proceed to give my friend's narrative in, as nearly as may be, his own words.

"After I left you I had a glorious week's sport before I reached Dewelmurry, where in my perambulations, I learned that farther on, at Bustar, the Goands were at such hot feud with each other, that it would be folly to visit the place. I liked the neighbourhood of Dewelmurry, but fate would have it that, in spite of all my resolutions, I should be enticed some twenty miles nearer Bustar than I intended. Ali Homed (the sepoy before alluded to) is a fine intelligent fellow, and by him I was informed that he had made *dawtee* (formed friendship) with an old Puthan in the town, whose only child, a young and lovely

\* The pot, suspended from the cocoa-nut, date, and palm-trees, to receive their sap, or viny juice, for which, at certain seasons, they are pierced.



girl, had lately been dragged from their cottage during his temporary absence, the only person who was with her at the time being a decrepit old woman, their servant. That plunder was not the object of her abductors was evident, for nothing was touched in house or garden, and the old woman, who had fainted in her terror, could only recollect that amongst the party who tore the poor girl from her arms, there was one in the garb of a common Hindoo mendicant. Interested by Ali's recital, at my desire he introduced me to his new acquaintance. He was a fine venerable old man, on the verge of eighty; and, in answer to my queries, declared that he was convinced his daughter—his sweet Azeeza—had been carried off by the Bustar Goonds for their annual human sacrifice.

"I dare not utter such words aloud, Maharajah," said he, "for there is neither law nor learning, faith nor fidelity, in this idolatrous country of Satan; but this atrocious custom prevails here as surely as Mahomed is the prophet of Alla! Every one knows, though none dare say, that the Gossains and Jogies of Bustar offer a human being in annual sacrifice to the goddess Kali; and of all others they prefer one who does not belong to their own accursed creed."

"Horrorstruck, I asked him if he had no friends in authority,—no kindred, from whom to demand counsel in such a strait."

"None, sahib," he answered; "nor is there any course to pursue but to sit silently on the musnud of submission, and weep over the invisible ashes of my lost child. I have no relative here, and had gone to make arrangements at Chanda for a removal thither, when the rose of my life was taken from me by those infidel dogs. May their graves be defiled!"

"But can nothing be done to save her?" cried I indignant at his passive submission to what he called destiny.

"Alla Kereem! God is merciful, but what can I do?" was the reply. "The sacrifice always takes place at the new moon—in three days I shall be childless."

"Nay," returned I, "lead me to the suspected spot, provide me and my attendant with such disguises as you may deem most likely to favour such an enterprise, and let me try what can be done."

"The old Mussulman clutched at the unexpected hope which my words conveyed with a desperate joy; but Ali, knowing my rashness, and alarmed for the consequences of such an undertaking endeavoured to reason us out of it. But the strong desire I had to fathom the whole affair, to satisfy my doubts regarding the mystery of human sacrifice, and to restore a child to her father's arms, stimulated me to higher thoughts; and, for once in my life, I resolved on adopting as my coadjutors Caution and Prudence, two assistants in the pursuit of adventure which the boldest man may wisely enlist. Suffice it to say that the venerable Puthan, Meer Khan, myself, and Ali, reached a public choultry or caravanserai, in the dense woods that surround Bustar, on the very day before the new moon. We were disguised as soldiers of the Nizam, and it was not long ere we discovered the principal pagoda of the place, which was situated in a thick grove of banyan, peepul, and date-trees. Meer Khan felt assured that the interior of this temple was the place allotted for the sacrifice; nor was it with any difficulty we learned, by mingling with the crowds that attended a *haut* (fair) in the town, that a great festival was to be solemnized at midnight in the pagoda."

"Constructed with a power of resistance that would have repelled an army, the temple was to us a destruction of almost all hope. What, then, could we do? nothing. But fortune, chance, Providence did all. I had left the old Puthan sitting in despair beneath a tamarind-tree, near which Ali was cooking an extempore currie, and as the twilight began to creep greyly over the earth, sauntered around the pagoda. As I stooped to pick up a wild flower that sprang from a heap of stones, a large snake, alarmed at my approach, issued from behind the tuft of datura that covered the rubbish, and directing its progress towards the wall of the temple, entered a fissure where it disappeared. What induced me to pursue it I know not, for I have an unconquerable terror of serpents, but I did so; and with my stick strove to gauge the depths of the aperture, which was larger than I at first apprehended. The stick struck against some substance which emitted a metallic sound, and on approaching closer to examine it, I found that there was a small wicket, deeply buried in the stonework of the wall. I could perceive that, with slight toil, the mortar and rubbish which now almost curtained it from sight, might be cleared away, and this effected, I had not a doubt but that an entrance to some part of the pagoda could be obtained. I flew, rather than ran, to the tamarind-tree, and related my discovery; nor lost we a moment before we acted upon it with the expedition and resolution that are sometimes engendered by despair."

"There was not a creature in sight, as, with our swords hidden below our robes, and a torch in case of need, we reached the pagoda. We soon got rid of the lime and clay that jammed up the wicket, which, when wrenched open, admitted us to a small vaulted cell. A glimmering light, shining through a crevice in one corner, warned us of more habitable places in our vicinity; and as Meer Khan, who had advanced towards it, stooped down and looked through it, he saw that which proved too great a trial for his shattered nerves, for, with a groan that terrified us for the results, he fainted. I whispered Ah to remove him into the open air, and there to detain him till I gave a certain signal. No sooner had they left me than I applied my eye to the aperture, and beheld the most lovely creature I ever looked upon. A young and graceful girl, whose beauty shone in the glare of many torches, stuck in the walls of an immense saloon, lay bound hand and foot on a mat."

"In one corner was a huge image of Vishnu, at least seven feet high, with the pyramidal cap, closed eyes, and canopy overhead of seven-hooded snakes, peculiar to that deity; in another, with its sepulchral garland of skulls round the neck, was the hideous idol of Kali; and in the centre of this chamber of the temple, a group of Brahmans, almost naked, with shaven heads and sacerdotal cords flung across their shoulders, Jogies, Suniassies, and grotesquely-attired Udassies, were busily engaged in chanting a lugubrious chorus around a blazing fire. I could not hear a word that was uttered, though I could plainly distinguish the most remote nook; but I cared not, even at that moment to keep my eyes from that sweet and beautiful creature, who lay, panting in her pallid fear, almost within reach of me. A heavy smell of frankincense, aloes, and benzoin, penetrated to where I knelt, and I felt that the moment was at hand when she was to be saved or I was to perish."

"Suddenly an overwhelming noise of gongs, kulera horns, tom-toms, and bells, struck up outside the chamber, and the whole mass of bigots withdrew. At that moment I could have willingly cut off my hand for admittance to that hall of sacrifice, but I saw no means of entering it. I ran round the little stifling vault that held me—I heard the hiss of the startled snake, yet paused not—I felt every crevice and cranny with my fingers—and, at length, when in utter despair, I was mad enough to dash my fist against the opposing wall,—a bolt, or a bar, or a secret spring, had given way, and down I fell on my face, within three paces of the victim. For the first time I heard her voice—she

uttered a faint shriek—but the continued din without prevented its being heard. In five minutes she was free from cord and chain—in five more she was in her father's arms—and ere half as many hours had passed we were on our way to Dewelmurry."

"But we did not leave Dewelmurry next morning unnoted. Meer Khan and Ali were in advance of me as we left the town, and as the old man had resolved on preceding us to Chanda, he was bidding his dear restored treasure farewell, when out from the jungle started an odious-looking creature, who, giving one keen glance at the terrified Azeeza, and a vengeful look at me, retreated to the woods, while the word, 'Dawa!' yelled out recalled a hated voice. It was no other than the Suniassie! And Azeeza remembered him well, as being one of the foremost among her tormentors."

"Do we not sometimes, in our wanderings, fall upon certain spots which, without possessing any striking beauties of scenery, have yet a power of arresting the attention,—a fascination constrains us to linger there, nor seek for brighter vistas beyond? Do we not pause there, where the grass is of dearest Leigh Hunt's sort,—'lie-down-uponable'; where 'the buttercups smear the land with splendour'; where there is a bird's song on a green bough, but no human voice, a flower's breath, but nothing less sweet: do we not pause, and fear to go on, lest by losing these we lose all that is lovely? So it is with me in my tale. I care not to proceed. I care not to leave the short year of quiet, dreamy loveliness which rewarded Calvert Montford for his preservation of Azeeza's life by that most sweet creature's clinging affection! I care not to overstep that tranquil space to recount, as I must now do, her worthy old father's death; our subsequent march to Nagpore; and at Nagpore the sudden illness and, must I say death, of Montford! So unexpectedly fell this stroke upon his gentle companion, that for several hours she could not credit that life was extinct; and so quietly, after a short fit of heavy agony, had the 'life-want' crept over him, even in her very arms, that the medical man at first supposed he had only fainted. But a day passed, and the preparations for burial—always, and necessarily, a matter of haste in India—were completed. Azeeza was led to her own range of apartments, whilst I saw him dressed for the grave, and helped to carry his corpse, extended on the couch on which he had ceased to breathe, to a small bungalow which stood unoccupied at the bottom of the garden, whence the funeral procession might pass, on the morrow, unnoted by the mourning Mussulmans. Early in the morning the coffin was to be brought; so, leaving the body in that lonely room, after lighting the lamps which hung round it, fastening the window, and locking the door, we withdrew. I returned to the house, placed a guard of sepoy over the store-rooms; and, determining to pass part of the night in sealing up the letters and papers of my friend which had been consigned to me for that purpose, I called for lights, dismissed the servants, and seated myself in his room."

"The casements were all thrown open to admit the cool air of evening, which sweetened by the rich odours it had collected from a clump of henna\* close by, breathed refreshingly upon me. I was sorrowfully examining a sketch, the work of my friend, when a soft, stealthy footstep aroused me. I turned round and beheld Azeeza standing between me and the window; the moonlight, which fell in silvery showers upon her person, giving her almost a spectral appearance; her veil was flung back, and her hair, usually cared for with that classic taste which is evinced by most Mahomedan women of a certain rank in the arrangement of their tresses, was unbraided, falling in rich, wild masses, over her finely formed neck and shoulders."

"Friend of the dead one!" said she, in a low, calm voice, that yet sounded as if it were full of tears, "I must see him once more ere he is wedded to the worm!"

"Azeeza," I cried, "you cannot mean it! You could not bear it!"

"Hush, hush, sahib! you were his friend—you are mine; I am not a woman to quail at the sight of him, lifeless, whom I loved living! Lead me to the dead, and leave me with it for one brief hour."

"I saw that there was a fixedness of purpose in her that would admit of no denial, nor, indeed, did I deem it kind to oppose her wishes; so, making her wrap a veil around her, I led her unobserved to the bungalow, and, unlocking the door, left her with the dead, promising to return in an hour. The lights which burned in the death chamber shone through the venetians as I passed; and I would have looked within, but a feeling that told me it would be a species of profanation, withheld me. As I sauntered round to that side of the building which was the most remote from the entrance, I came upon a little door which led to a bath-room attached to the bungalow, and which we had entirely forgotten. This bath room opened into the corpse-chamber, and I now remembered that we had neglected to look into it, or fasten the door. Afraid of alarming the mourner by the noise it might occasion, I refrained from examining the place until she had departed, and was moving away, when a sound of feet and the whispering of voices near me, on the other side of a thick and almost impassable hedge of aloes and cactus which divided Montford's compound from a grove of wild date trees, arrested my attention. I listened, and presently heard two voices, whilst I could understand that the owners of them were debating on the feasibility of overcoming the fence."

"By Nanuck Shay!" said one, whose exclamation proved him to be a Seik, "if you lead me into any accursed Feringhy (European) trouble I'll slay you with my chukkur."

"Now I was aware that the chukkur was a sort of quoit sharpened to the keenness of a razor, and employed in warfare by the Seiks."

"Idiot!" answered the other, "they have abandoned their dead to the care of four walls and four lamps. If you now retract, the curse of Kali will blench your flesh with leprosy till you become as white as the moorda (corpse) of the sahib. The holy unguent must be ready by the new moon, and within our reach is the only ingredient that is now wanting to make it fit for the purposes of the pagoda. My knife is keen and you have but to remain silent whilst I repeat the *muntram* (incantation), and to hold the body firmly while I cut the heart from its side."

"And the entrance?"

"Is through a bath-room, which must be close to us. Wrap the leather well about you: legs and thighs, and mind not a few thorns."

"But," rejoined the first speaker, "the proverb says, 'Jahan khair rehan mar' (Where there is a brake there may be a snake)."

"Be-unkoo!" (fool!), whilst you utter such loads of filth I pant for the Feringhy's flesh. Twice he has foiled me living; he shall not foil me dead. Dawa! Dawa!"

"And these last two muttered words betrayed the speaker. It was the Suniassie! But ere they had managed to penetrate one fourth of a high and thick barrier, spiky with frightful thorns, I had planned and acted on my plans. I

\* Henna, the "Lawsonia inermis," whose leaves contain the pink dye with which the Indian women tinge their nails.

† The snake inclosing a mention.



rushed to the door of the bungalow, gave a warning knock, and entered. Azeem was rising from her knees; I interrupted her as she was about to remonstrate against my quick return, and in a brief whisper explained the matter to her. With that mute masterdom over her feelings which only the strong-minded woman can command, she acted according to my wishes without a word. I conducted her out, and in less space than it takes to tell it I had placed six sepoy behind the bungalow, ready at a moment to fall upon the intruders when my signal—a pistol fired off—should terrify them into flight from the death-chamber.

All was silent around the couch of the dead as I entered the large empty room, in which, with the exception of an old palanquin and a chair or two, there was not an article of furniture. Behind the palanquin, which stood near the door and opposite to the bath-room, I contrived to crouch down, and had barely done so, before, stealthily and softly, from the expected quarter, crept the squalid figures of the Suniassie and his accomplice. The eyes of my forbidding acquaintance glared like a tiger-cat's as, with fiendish delight they rested upon the lonely corpse of my friend; and giving a quick, sharp glance round the apartment, he muttered,—

"Udassie-jee, speak not; but when I have recited the *muntrum* seize the hound's body, and hold it firmly." Drawing a large knife, two-edged and bright of polish, from his vest, he knelt down, sprinkled some ashes, taken from his gourd, upon the floor, and commenced a sort of low chant, in a dialect to which I was a stranger.

Narrowly I watched his movements, in readiness to discharge over his head the signal pistol, when, as he motioned his comrade to advance towards the body, and arose himself, knife in hand, to commence the horrible deed, my arm raised in act to fire, was suspended by a spectacle that, for the moment, made me doubt the evidence of my senses. Slowly—slowly—slowly, as one might do who arises unwillingly from a bed of rest, the corpse began to raise itself on the couch, and, while the Suniassie, awed into motionlessness, stood before it, slowly, still slowly, but steadily, it attained a sitting posture, its eyes wide open, and staring with glazed eyeballs!

At that moment, overcome by wonder, perhaps by terror, I lost command of myself, and discharged the pistol. There was a yell—a rush towards the bath-room—the clash of arms—the sounds of conflict and seizure, and in my ears a soft, sweet voice, a woman's, and I became insensible. That soft, sweet voice, no longer full of tears, was in my ears when I awoke to consciousness; and when it said, in gentle, happy accents, "Ai! *bhaebund mera!*" (Oh! my brother friend) "*jeeta hie!*" (he is alive), the whole truth flashed upon me. The whole truth? Yes. Calvert Montford lived, he was restored from a death-like syncope to the arms of Azeem; and for the nature of the punishment that awaited the Suniassies, I refer the inquisitive reader to the orderly books of the first of May, 1821, at Nagpore, in which he will find that they were provided for in a manner effectually to prevent them from assisting at any future human sacrifice, or from procuring unlawful ingredients for the composition of unguents dedicated to the goddess Kali.

#### LIGHTS AND SHADES; OR, THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN ON HALF-PAY.—No IV. BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

I had frequent opportunities of meeting my new acquaintance, the sub-sheriff, and the more I conversed with him the more I was struck with the keenness of his observation which enabled him to penetrate into men's characters with an accuracy that seemed almost inconceivable. I persuaded him to dine with me at the mess, and next morning he sketched some of my companions as faithfully as if he had been seven years in the regiment himself.

"Well, Mr. Egan," I said, "your intuitive acquaintance with human character is remarkable. Come, I must test your abilities still further. The gentleman who sat beside you, Captain Lloyd—"

"Is a prosy ass," returned Shawn Cruchadore. "He told me a pointless story twice over within an hour. His budget is but lightly supplied, I fancy—and in one day's acquaintance he would get shot of his stock in trade, and as I suspect, it would prove but an indifferent assortment."

"Rem acu," I exclaimed.

"Speak English, if you please," returned the sub-sheriff. "My classical education was rather neglected in my youth. I don't regret it, however, for under God, I am inclined to think my ignorance has saved me from the gallows. I had all the inclination to be one of the greatest rogues in Connaught, but want of ability obliged me to remain the honest man I am."

I smiled at the declaration.

"Honest!" I exclaimed, "always barring horse-flesh, and Easter offerings."

"Pish!" replied Mr. Egan; "when everything was topsy-turvy in the world, why should not I have a pull? and the priest's purse was only a perquisite of office. There was enough scraped afterwards together to bury him in style—and, for the honour of their own corps, the clergy would pass him through purgatory gratis."

"Well, did you observe the gentleman who sat opposite?" I inquired.

"To be sure I did. An old bilious brevet-major, who bothered me with a long rigmarole story of scrambling through a mud ditch, and over a bamboo fence, into an inclosure which he called Fort Cornelius. You get that twice a-week from old orange peel, I suppose?"

"Another and decided hit," I answered. "One further question, and I have done; but this last you will find a puzzler. Did you observe a red-faced personage beside the brevet-major?"

"Yes."

"He is our paymaster, and, until well advanced in life, he was a civilian. Can you guess what his former profession might be?"

"Easily," was the prompt reply.

"I doubt it, Mr. Egan."

"He was a pawnbroker."

"Right;—but ridiculous. You have been told this fact; you never could have guessed it."

"No, upon the honour of the under representative of majesty. I might have set him down a butcher, or the landlord of a roadside inn, but for the peculiar expression of a sort of 'in not to be done,' which he was eternally throwing cautiously around him. Unconsciously, and when otherwise unoccupied, he played with the forks, balanced them on the point of his fingers, and frequently examined the hall marks on the spoons. But one circumstance at once told me what his former calling had been. You remember a raw youth who was pushing a snuff-box round the table, with an assurance that it had been in his family since a year or two before the deluge. 'Show it here,' growled old red face, out came his spectacles, and, instead of examining the lid, he looked only at the bottom. 'Humph! hundred years old! It's not twenty.

Sixpence an ounce, additional duty, and there's the mark.' Phew! says I to myself, that lad knows the difference between a salt-spoon and a fish-slice. 'New or old,' returned the owner in high dudgeon, 'I was offered twenty guineas for it.' The old fellow dandled it on the tips of his fingers for a second. 'They wouldn't give you four upon it,' he muttered. 'He's a pawnbroker,' says I."

"A most true conclusion," I returned. "As you have favoured me with correct sketches of my absent friends, would you oblige me with a slight pencilling of my own character?"

"Oh! *cead fealteagh!*" replied Mr. Egan. "You're no puppy, or you shouldn't have had the honour of my acquaintance. You aren't a bore; or I wouldn't have been bothered with you. You're well enough in your way, can troop a guard, ride decently to hounds, shoot snipes, sing a passable song, play billiards, and hold your own with men, but—" and Shawn Cruchadore made a pause.

"Go on."

Mr. Egan "looked unutterable things."

"Well, my dear friend, like all this world beside, you're a fool after your own fashion. A pretty woman, and a little soft soldier—and *Mona sin diaoul!* You're done to a turn in ten minutes."

"Whence do you draw this inference of my sentimental weakness?" I inquired.

"Just from a little observation," replied the sub-sheriff. "The morning of our interview with the painter's wife, or baronet's daughter, or whatever you call her, I remarked you closely. Every tear she shed, in went your hand into the pocket of your jacket, and at every sigh you were groping for your purse. But there goes one of my body guard; a gentleman who, before a twelve-month, will ornament society at Botany Bay. I wonder what the rascal wants! Some job for me. Don't go for a minute. I'll be back in a twinkling."

Whatever the business was that the gentleman predestined to settle in Australia had with his employer, it was speedily transacted. As Patsey Lynch made his communication, Mr. Egan occasionally elevated his shoulders, or responded by a monosyllable, or a movement of the head. At the conclusion of a brief audience Patsey gathered the skirts of his *cota more* under his left arm and started off at an easy trot, while Mr. Egan bestowed his benison on the mission, "*Reeigh!*" (run!) "may the devil speed ye!" and immediately rejoined me.

"Your aid-de-camp is off in a hurry," I said.

"And though he has sixteen miles to travel he'll keep up the pace you see, unless with a minute's halt at the door of a poteen house for refreshment, which will be about as many times as there are miles in the journey."

"Is the business urgent?"

"Particularly," responded the sub-sheriff.

"Life and death, I suppose."

"Not exactly so momentous as that," responded Shawn Cruchadore; "the story is easily told. I have a friend and annuitant who, on a fair average, receives as many law processes yearly as would paper his drawing-room. His house is beautifully situated—not exactly as a painter would call it—for devil a thing the eye can rest upon for miles but brown heath and mud cabins."

"And in what consists the beauty of the situation?"

"Why, it's on the verge of the three counties—into one you could pitch a potato, and from the drawing-room window, you could shoot a man with a pocket-pistol in the other."

"Still the beauty of the situation remains a mystery."

"Ah! then I must explain it," said the representative of majesty. "Down comes a writ—plaintiff in person hands it—of course I'm ready—defendant desperate—just step home to load my pistols—(devil a pistol I would carry in my pocket for a five-pound note, for fear it would go off by accident)—Patsey, in the mean time, tucks his *cota more* under his arm, and away he goes—and by the time we arrive the doors are locked, and cloot or horn is not on the bailiwick, but grazing quietly across the stream, and carefully herded, for fear they should come back to their native county until after our departure."

"And is this expedition—"

"Just what I have described—A hungry attorney bought a bill of Big Malachi's—two hundred pounds—for which he gave twenty—heaped every expense he could upon it—motions of court—substituted service—and here, he's fresh with an execution. For fear I wouldn't do my duty—the Lord forgive him for the suspicion!—he's come down himself—and I'm at his service as soon as the innkeeper has got a collar stuffed, and a trace mended. Well, Patsey will be three hours before us, and I'll be greatly surprised if we find any thing with four legs on the place, unless it be a straggling hound, or the cat at the gate-house."

"I should like to see the attorney after—"

"He has found *nulla bona* returned to his writ," exclaimed Shawn Cruchadore, interrupting me; "I'll describe our reception to you as well as if you were present."

I nodded to Mr. Egan.

"Well, off we go—in a chaise, of course—for public officers' lives are not to be exposed to evening air on an outside jaunting car. Well, we reach the scene of action after a pleasant drive, which I have agreeably diversified by pointing out a bog where the week before a tithe-proctor was buried to the chin, and the process-server, with a rope about his neck, obliged to take his oath that he would quit the country for ever. At the last village we pass through, it is gratifying to see that the owners of every cabin are prepared for our reception—for out of every door, a bleary-eyed *caillough* (an old woman) pops her head, and there's a general chorus, English and Irish, as we drive down the street, 'May the devil break your necks, ye thieves, before you come back again!'

The attorney hints that he has a strong conviction that the peasantry are lawless—to which I reply by offering a prayer to Heaven, that they may not have the most distant suspicion that he is in any way connected with the law. We reach the house, and find defendant sitting in a first floor window playing the bagpipes, with a jug of punch at one elbow, and a double-barrelled gun at the other—nothing with four feet to be seen, but a score of idle scoundrels with flails and pitchforks, giving a shuffling accompaniment with their hob-nailed brogues to the 'tow, row, row,' that has been struck up by 'the master' to welcome us. The attorney modestly announces that he has some private business with Mr. O'Donnell, and that it would be better transacted within doors, but Mr. O'D. declines the honour of an interview—Plaintiff observes that a *ca sa* for three hundred is in his pocket, and in reply defendant makes particular inquiries after his mother. I threaten to break the door—every scoundrel in the yard flourishes his cudgel—defendant exchanges the pipes for the fowling piece—and the attorney supplicates me in a whisper to save his life and be off before we're murdered. Away we trundle—defendant plays 'Nora Crina' on our retreat, and the vagabonds in the yard give a triumphant war-whoop. But



here he comes," and he pointed to the bearer of the *ca sa*. "And so you are going on a three months' leave. Well, captain, take care of yourself."

And then, as he shook my hand, he whispered in my ear,

"Do you know your weak point? I'll tell it to you again, *woman*; a wet eye, and soft soldier, and you're done to a turn."

I smiled as *Shawn Cruchadore* toddled off with his companion, and the *ca sa*.

"I may be a little sentimental," I said to myself, "but neither smile nor tear and a sigh or two, will influence me as they once did. I am woman-proof at last, thank Heaven!"

My destination was an English village on the sea-side, frequented during the season by personages of fashion, comprising the beauty of Birmingham, and the aristocracy of the Potteries. Blest with an undutiful uncle, eccentric in his movements as a planet, and absolute as the grand seignior, he being pleased to become gouty at the Yellow Lion, advised me by letter of the same, intimating that the leave of absence I had expected might be agreeably consumed at the Lion aforesaid, in watching the progress of his convalescence, and between fits, listening to interesting details of the action on the Brandywine, and the surrender at Saratoga. God knows, at times, I secretly wished that the Americans had retained him a state prisoner for life; but as Sir Cesar O'Sullivan was graciously pleased to allow me a hundred per annum, paid quarterly, in Craig's Court, I listened periodically, and with christian composure, to the causes which led to the skirmish at Lexington, and bore with decent composure the trial and execution of the unfortunate Major Andre. For similar reasons, and as in duty bound, I obeyed the mandate of "mine uncle,"—and on a blowing summer evening debarked upon the wooden jetty from 'the Maid of Cashmere,' as a little, antiquated, grumbling steamer was designated, in which I had been incarcerated for six hours with the pleasing alternative of being drenched with spray if I kept the deck, or poisoned below by a villainous miasma, which seemed to combine in nice proportion the aromatic elegancies of a chandler's shop, with the *fumes* of a gin palace.

I found Sir Cesar ensconced in the front sitting-room of the Yellow Lion; one foot swathed in flannel, rested on a hassock, and three favourite terriers occupied the hearthrug. From all I received a hearty welcome; the veteran squeezed my hand, and the terriers jumped, barked, and exhibited the liveliest pleasure at the return of an old acquaintance. At last the general quiet was restored; the dogs dropped asleep, I dipped heavily into a decanter of port, and Sir Cesar, after a short review of 'Scudamore on Gout,' gratified me with an elaborate account of his passage of the Schuylkill. How far his American reminiscences might have extended, it would be doubtful to determine; but gout is unfavourable to long stories, and when we were attempting the relief of New York—an operation I always dreaded—a twinge, sudden and severe, interrupted the effort we were about to make to throw in ammunition and provisions, and Sir Cesar was obliged to retire to bed, leaving that important city and its garrison, scarce of shot and shells, and indeed without a second biscuit.

I strolled out, and while New York was abandoned to its fate, returned thanks for my own deliverance. I reached the beach—the wind had fallen—and the light swell which rolled in upon the sands, harmonized with the glowing tinge upon the horizon, where westward, the sun 'with disc-like, battle-target red,' was about to veil his splendour in the ocean. I wandered on; the breaking of the tiny waves upon the beach inducing a dreamy listlessness of thought, that recalled the memory of days gone by. I thought of Emily Spencer—and the first passion of early manhood once more returned, and Emily was again beloved. Ay, often on such an evening had we wandered arm-in-arm—listened to the monotonous splashing of the surf, and watched the golden tints that streaked the distant sky, announcing the sun's departure. And then came the dissipation of love's visions—the post-bag brought in at breakfast, my father seizing on the Mark-lane price current, and my uncle Cesar, after polishing the glasses of his spectacles, unclosing a war-office epistle, with an official seal as large as a cheese-plate, and the address surmounted with an O. H. M. S.

"Homph! Fortunate family! I landed only two days before the brush at Lexington, and you'll be on the Agueda before the army breaks up. Harry, my dear boy, get your traps together—you must start by the night mail, or you'll miss the Lisbon packet."

And while my poor mother turned deadly pale, and my father looked bothered at the intelligence, Sir Cesar strode up and down the room, dispensing crumbs of consolation.

"What good luck! Not a flint snapped before you join—and wigs on the green within a fortnight! Don't take more traps with you than can be stowed in your bullock-trunks. Plenty of deceased property to be had by auction at the drum-head—and, if you're knocked off the hooks, a light kit is easily disposed of, and saves trouble to the major."

Suddenly the *tableau* at my father's breakfast-table was dissolved. A pretty spaniel ran past me, yelping in idle pursuit of a sand-lark—and a voice, almost at my elbow, exclaimed in the sweetest tones imaginable, "Pompey! you naughty dog! come back!"

I started, turned, was electrified. As sweet a girl as ever paced a sea-beach by 'the pale moonlight' was beside me—and one look assured me, that she was beautiful, and I undone. To recover the truant favourite—receive her thanks—and as she pressed the little fugitive to her bosom, ejaculate a prayer that, if souls transmigrated as the old philosophers assert, mine should be incorporated in the carcase of the favoured Pompey—all was transacted in a minute. She bade me a good evening—and oh! the sweetness of the parting smile, as that murderous valediction issued from coral lips which might have put a cherub's to the blush. Parting smile! 'sdeath!—impossible. To part with her would be to part with life—and I was indisposed to become a suicide.

"Might I not see her home! merely for the protection of Pompey. He might again play truant. Dog stealing was awfully on the increase. Thirteen advertisements in the Times to-day—and several suspicious characters on board the steamer—canine felony imprinted on their very foreheads—villains capable of any enormity, from the cutting a poodle's throat, to the abstraction of a tinker's colley."

She blushed and thanked me—but she was close to home—and pointing to a turret with a flagstaff on its roof, told me that behind it was her domicile. In a few minutes we reached the building—she produced a key, unlocked the portal, wished me again good evening, and, with a graceful courtesy, closed the door and vanished—leaving me on the right side to run away, and more in love than ever Mark Antony was.

I reconnoitred the premises. The tower was evidently a summer house, built to command a more extensive sea view than the low windows of the cottage could embrace. I contrived to peep over the wall; within, a well-kept flower-garden bespoke gentility and good taste in the occupants. The place and the fair inhabitant were therefore in correct keeping with each other—and

as I turned my reluctant steps towards the Yellow Lion, I came to the conclusion that my evening adventure was actually a celestial vision—the young lady being a houri of the prophet, and her abiding place the garden of the blest!

Morning came—I won't inflict my dreams upon the reader—and breakfast followed, terminating with a skirmish between my uncle's company and a party of Kentucky backwoodsmen. From the bay window of the inn, the embattled roof of the tower was visible; and need I say, that on it my eyes were strained, and that there every thought was centred.

"Well, Harry," continued Sir Cesar, "I moved along a corduroy road with open files, until we came in front of a weedy moras—never keep close order in a wood, you know—when suddenly the Indian guide, pointing to the canes, putting his finger to his nose, exclaimed, 'Him there!' I desired the company to extend right and left, and each man cover himself with a tree, while, with the centre files, I should feel my way through the reeds. I had hardly given the order, when crack went a rifle, and the bullet peeled a pine stump immediately behind me. Says Serjeant Kelly—"

"By heavens! there she is standing on the tower. My dear uncle, move cautiously through the canes, and I'll be back before you deforce the Kentucky men."

I seized my hat—rushed from the room—and while Sir Cesar registered an oath in heaven affirming my insanity, I was hurrying to the beach, to feast my eyes upon the angel form of the proprietrix of Pompey.

The street shut out the tower, and when I cleared it, the lady of my love had disappeared. Well, she might soon take look out duty again, and I would observe the fortress from a distance. Three hours passed, while, like the sentry of an outlying picket, I kept my eye upon the fortress, now dipped beneath the shelter of a sand-ridge, and again closing nearer to the place under cover of a bathing-box. Not a petticoat appeared upon the leads—and I returned to the Yellow Lion sadder but not wiser than when I left it.

"As I told you, Harry," resumed mine uncle, pushing a bottle of port across the table, which he was drinking in honour of his convalescence, and directly in contradiction to medical admonition, "Serjeant Kelly remarked that he had seen a sparkle like a musket's in a thicket on my left. 'Oh, ho,' says I, 'they want to get us between the brushwood and the canes—but we'll outflank Master Jonathan. Take ten files, and get well in the rear of—'"

"The lady on the tower!" I exclaimed, springing up and once more rushing towards the beach.

Alas! this effort to view the sylph of the sands in 'garish daylight,' was bootless as the former, and infinitely more tantalising. As I regained sight of the tower, a female form moved over the platform, and slowly disappeared—in a minute melting into air, or rather leisurely descending the staircase. Another glance as the loved form crossed the turret-window—and I was 'left lamenting.'

All this was torturous. To enhance my misery, I had a distant glance at a heaven, from which, like an excluded Peri, I had been interdicted. The agony of disappointment was deplorable—and a pack of unsentimental savages had invaded the sand-hills and added to my despair. A sour looking spider-brusher on my left was warming a rickety looking three-year-old against a tumble—while a nursery governess on the right, late for an appointment with a nice young man who, now and again, made himself visible on a distant sand hill, whipped her interesting charge to increase his velocity of motion. Endeavouring to escape these nuisances, I retreated upon a nondescript building, that I should have supposed had been intended for a pigeon house, but which the owner designated a pagoda. Within, sundry young ladies were seated—one, engaged working a scripture scene in Berlin wool—another reading 'Delicate Distress'—and a third crying at the catastrophe.

"Letty!" exclaimed the fair reader, letting the book fall upon the floor as I passed the window, "that's the young man that keeps the hatter's shop in Bold street. Lord! I wonder if he's married!"

Was there ever such a persecuted wretch! First to be crossed in love, and afterwards mistaken for a hatter! I returned to the Yellow Lion, suffering under the double infliction of wounded pride and a broken heart; and determining to glean some knowledge of my sweet incognita, summoned mine host to a private interview in the back bar.

From Boniface I learned the secret history of the families—but nothing that could throw light upon my love. Like the houses of Montagu and Capulet, the tower and the pagoda were at feud, the lord of the former, being an iron-master from Wolverhampton, the owner of the latter, a bridle-cutter from Bradburn. Both were warm men in the parlance of the money market—and if men are wealthy, why should they not show that they are so! The iron-master had a fair daughter, and the man of leather was equally blessed. The young ladies doted upon the sea—their mammas declared bathing would be the life of them—and in due time, and by a sort of mutual impulse, the sires of both decided on the erection of a marine villa, and by an unhappy accident, selected adjacent plots for the site. Hence an unfortunate rivalry arose. If the man of leather added a sleeping-room to his villa, the man of iron increased his by the addition of a wing. As a *coup de grace* to his ambitious neighbour, he of Bradburn devised and executed the building above described. But his triumph was short. Up rose the tower with a rapidity that might have led people to suppose that the man of iron had borrowed the lamp of Aladdin for the occasion. To be looked down upon by the Smiths was intolerable to the Browns—and the bridle-cutter threatened to stick another story on the pagoda. But the intention had scarcely transpired, when an architect was observed determining what height of superstructure might be placed upon the turret; and it was ascertained beyond a doubt, that Mr. Smith had sworn by the prophet, that if Mr. Brown reached the altitude of the temple of Kong Chi—why ne, Smith, would not stop one brick under Babel!

Fortunately, a mutual friend pointed out that if both parties were determined to reach the moon, neither leather, nor even iron could stand it—and it was arranged that the turret and pagoda should remain—in *statu quo ante bellum*.

Now all this was *caviare* to me—and not one scintilla of intelligence could I glean, but that my charmer, Miss Smith, was called Mary, and sang divinely, while Miss Brown's name was Susan, and her accomplishments were incalculable.

And what was I the better of all this intelligence, and how was I to win my way to the presence of my mistress! Should I summon the tower in form or carry it by escalade! Or, throwing myself upon the mercy of the Smiths, supplicate an interview! Alas! in this I would have little chance of succeeding; "Parents have flinty hearts," and an iron-master's must be adamant.

Evening drew on—twilight fell—once more I decided on a *reconnaissance*, and, although Sir Cesar was labouring hard to bring his skirmish with the Kentucky men to a close, I left him stuck fast in the cane-brake, and hurried



to the tower, dearer far to me, than was that of Sestos to Leander—a young gentleman of amorous memory, who used to swim the Hellespont for the chances of a kiss.

I approached the building cautiously. I looked up, and in the haze of evening, a female form flitted past the window.

"Blessed Mary! can it be?" It must be—it could be no other than my mistress. I uttered a sentimental sigh—one so profoundly melancholy, that it overheard even by an intelligent dog, the animal would have known at once that my heart was breaking by inches. The figure remained stationary at the casement.—I sang in a low voice, but with a pathos that would soften rocks,

Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee!

At the conclusion of my song, the casement was partially unclosed, and a hand waved gently its mute farewell.

"Stay," I exclaimed, "loveliest, and listen for a moment to him who adores you—Promise that I shall see that angel form again, and with one motion of your lily hand, give love's signal that I may enjoy this exquisite happiness to-morrow evening."

"Mary!" exclaimed a voice from within.

A flourish of the hand was given—my prayer was heard and acceded to—the casement closed—a foot descended the staircase—and I returned to my inn to dream of love and Mary.

Oh! how interminable appeared the morrow; but evening came at last, and twilight found me pacing the front of the tower. I had penned a *billet* for my *amorata*—ardent and impassioned—containing assurances of endless love, legally guaranteed by a lover's faith, and a soldier's honour. An hour passed—I heard a step in the basement of the tower—the door was slightly opened—I saw a form indistinctly.

"Mary!" cried a voice.

I seized the hand of the retreating virgin, pressed it rapturously to my lips, and introduced my letter, with a humble entreaty, that if my life were worth a pin's fee, she would mercifully give me an answer in the morning. The arm was withdrawn—the door closed.

"Mary! what the devil keeps you?"

She fled inside—I retreated to mine inn—found the governor in bed—ordered a devilled bone—drank accordingly, and sought my pillow—the redolence of Mary's hand fresh upon my lips, notwithstanding a cheroot, with two glasses of cold water and *can de vie* had partially interfered with the attar of the rose.

Next morning the duties of the toilet were elaborately performed. We breakfasted—and before my honoured uncle had accomplished two miles of a night march on the banks of the Potomac, I was off to receive the promised answer to my declaration of eternal love.

On approaching tower, an enormous ensign—a red cross on a white field—floated from a flagstaff, to which it was sadly disproportioned; indeed, at first, I fancied it was a table-cloth spread out upon a fishing rod. On the pagoda also, a union jack was hoisted—and from these lively demonstrations I anticipated that some joyous event had occurred, or some honoured anniversary had returned. Probably, five-and-twenty years before, Mrs. Smith had surrendered her virgin hand at the altar of Hymen, or Mrs. Brown had presented the bride-cutter with a first pledge of connubial love. But from these conjectures I was speedily diverted. A female form appeared, peeped through the curtains, kissed her hand again and again, and vanished. It was Mary—my angel Mary. My declaration was approved—my passion reciprocated—and who knew but that a year hence, the table-cloth would dangle from the pole to notify to the world that I was a happy papa, and Mrs. O'Sullivan as well as could be expected. A smart servant-maid advanced, looked round suspiciously, dipped under a sand-bank, and then inquired, "Are you the gent. wot keeps the hatter's shop in Bold-street?"

"Am I the d—?" was the reply.

"The Lord forbid!" ejaculated the spider-brusher; "but our cook had it from Mrs. Brown's housemaid. Well, here's a letter for you. I am afraid of being seen; but I'll return in five minutes for an answer."

I snatched my Mary's billet. No doubt the first confession of young love, conveyed with all the delicate alarm of maiden modesty. I looked at the little packet—the border was not embossed, the paper unperfumed, no seal in coloured wax, exhibiting Cupid astride upon a lion, or any of the cunning devices which young ladies commonly employ to insinuate an eternity of affection. The handwriting was that of a washerwoman, and it smelt like a fish-monger's account. What the d— could it mean? Ah! we were watched, discovered, and that man of iron, her father, had placed my Mary in durance vile, and, through some humble agency, obliged her to communicate to me her sufferings and her love. I broke the wafer.

"Dere Sir,—I resaved your lovin' letter, and i would make an excuze out to meet ye this evin, but our yong lady las night occasioned such confuzion that the house is upside down. I'll have a Holaday next Tuesday, and will meet ye at the Peer. For the love of God, take no advantage of my innuicins, your a gentleman, I'm told, and behave as sich. Yours to command, Mary Davis."

"N. B.—I inclos a two years Caratur, and ye'll see from that, that I'm no runagade."

"This is to certify that Mary Davis, plain cook—sober—obliging—now discharged—wages paid in full."

We bundled off next morning, and when we topped a hill, and caught a last glance of the tower and the pagoda, I registered a vow that to the names of Smith and Brown, *ad urnam*, I would bestow my detestation.

## ON EXPLOSIONS AND EXPLOSIVE COMPOUNDS.

From the London Athenæum.

The claims lately set up by Captain Warner, and the experiment made off Brighton, to establish those claims, have excited public attention in no inconsiderable degree. There can be no doubt that if Captain Warner possesses the power which he professes to have under his command, of striking and blowing up a vessel or a fort, at the distance of five miles, his secret must be worth knowing, although it may not, and certainly would not be worth paying for at the price named. The secret, however, does not consist in the power to blow up the ship or fort, but in the asserted power to reach it at almost any distance, great or small, with perfect certainty. Various attempts have been made at explaining the experiment in question, into which however, we do not intend to enter, as the previous communication which Captain Warner had with the ship which he was to destroy, and the possibility of communicating with it even at the moment of explosion, must render the whole affair unsatisfactory, if not suspicious. We shall be more justified in examining and theorizing on this subject when the Captain shall have blown up a vessel at the dis-

tance of five miles, with which he has had no previous communication, according to the offer which he has since made to Government.

What, however, seems to have attracted most attention in the experiment off Brighton is the explosive power employed. Many people seem to have imagined that there was nothing known to chemists more powerful than gunpowder, which was, to all appearance, inadequate to produce the effect described. We have therefore been induced to put together a few remarks concerning the nature of explosive compounds of all kinds, not with a view to explain Captain Warner's invention, which we do not profess to be able to do, but to show that at least one part of it, the mere destruction of the object of attack, is easier than is generally thought.

With regard to explosions we ought perhaps to distinguish between *natural*, such as those of thunder, volcanoes, and earthquakes, together with inferior explosions arising from hard frosts; and *artificial*, or such as are produced by gunpowder and other chemical admixtures. We, however, shall not tie ourselves to any such divisions, as we should be obliged to make numerous subdivisions, according to the different causes of explosions.

One of the most astounding natural explosions, is that concussion of the air called thunder, which follows up the motion of the electric fluid. As the cause of the lightning taking the zigzag form, and the rolling of the thunder is not known to all, it will not be out of place to give the most probable explanation. The electric spark travels first in a straight line through the air, but meets with opposition. The air is compressed at the sides and in front, and indeed to such an extent as at last to hinder the spark from continuing its natural course; it is therefore turned off to the side, proceeds as at first, meets with the same impediment, which it is unable to conquer, and is thus obliged to take the zigzag form. The compressed air, rushing from both sides in order to fill up the vacuum, meets in the centre, and clashes with great violence; the vacuum at the angles of the zigzag course being greater and the air being more compressed than in the straight lines, the explosion at the points is naturally greater, and is the cause of the rolling noise of the thunder.

The power of steam, and the violent explosions connected with it, are well known. When water is suddenly converted into steam, or is resolved into its elements, oxygen and hydrogen, the consequence is an explosion. Thus, if water be thrown on melted copper, the explosion is so violent as to exceed anything which we imagine, and the most frightful accidents have occurred from a cause apparently so slight, as one of the workmen spitting into the furnace where copper was melting, arising from the sudden decomposition of the water, which was thus converted into gaseous matter. Terrible accidents of the kind have sometimes happened in foundries, when large quantities of melted metal had been poured into wet or damp moulds. In these cases the sudden expansion and decomposition of the steam has thrown out the metal with great violence. Even the chemical formation of water is accompanied with violent explosions. If we introduce into a phial one third of hydrogen gas, and two-thirds of atmospheric air, consisting, as is well known, of 77 parts of nitrogen, and 23 of oxygen, and bring a light to the orifice, a loud explosion will take place. These gases, when inflamed, expand considerably, but instantly after this they combine with each other, and contract into an exceedingly narrow compass. The air rushing into the bottle to fill up the empty space, strikes against the inner sides and causes the report. By the combustion the oxygen and hydrogen are converted into water, the bulk of which is less than the one-thousandth part of the original bulk of the gases.

There are likewise gaseous combinations of hydrogen with carbon in different proportions, familiarly known as fire-damp and gas, which also have the property of exploding when mixed with air and heated to a certain degree. The proper name for fire-damp is light carburetted hydrogen; it issues in considerable quantities from fissures in the earth, coming often from subterranean deposits of coal. This gas does not explode at all when mixed with small quantities of air, nor with a very large proportion; while when mixed with seven times its volume of air it explodes powerfully. It must be heated to a high temperature before it ignites, and the mischief occasioned in mines by its explosion is not alone owing to the burns inflicted upon the workmen, but also to the violent concussion of the air, and the quantity of carbonic acid, partly contained in the fire damp before ignition, and partly formed during ignition, which of itself would be sufficient to destroy life. Sir Humphry Davy discovered that flame could not be communicated to an explosive mixture of carburetted hydrogen and air through a narrow tube, because the cooling influence of the sides of the tube prevented the gaseous mixture contained in it from ever rising to the high temperature of ignition; upon which observation he founded his valuable invention of the safety lamp.

The mixture of sulphur, charcoal and nitre, called gunpowder, is well known. The elastic fluid produced by the firing of gunpowder is found, by experiment to occupy a space at least 244 times greater than that taken up by the powder from which it was originally obtained. But from the heat generated during its explosion, this elastic fluid is rarefied to upwards of four times its former bulk. The expansive force of this fluid is therefore, at the moment of conflagration, 1,000 times greater than that of common air. The granulation of gunpowder increases its explosive force. A charge is thus made sufficiently porous to allow flame to penetrate it, and to kindle every grain composing it at the same time. A mixture of three parts of nitre, two of dry carbonate of potash, and one of sulphur, forms what is called *pulvis fulminans*, which, heated gently till it enters into fusion, inflames suddenly, and explodes with a deafening report. The violence of the explosion is caused by the reaction between the sulphur and the nitre being instantaneous, from their fusion and perfect intermixture, and the consequent sudden formation of a considerable quantity of nitrogen gas from the decomposition of the nitre.

Since chlorate of potash has been made the object of a tolerably extensive manufacture, in consequence of its application in matches for procuring instantaneous light, and a detonating powder for fire-arms, it has become generally known. It deflagrates on hot cinders, like nitre, but with more violence. When ground together with sulphur or phosphorus, it detonates with great violence, and not without some danger to the operator. Mixed with sugar, and struck with the hammer upon the anvil, it explodes violently. A mixture of sugar or starch, with chlorate of potash, is readily inflamed by a drop of sulphuric acid, and this experiment is the basis of the preparation of the oxygenated matches, the ends of which are dipped into a well-stoppered phial, containing asbestos, moistened with oil of vitriol. A mixture, which, when dry, inflames by percussion, and which is applied to lucifer matches, is composed of this salt, sulphur, and charcoal. One of the simplest receipts for this percussion powder consists in washing out the nitre from 10 parts of gunpowder, with water, and mixing the residue intimately, while still moist, with 5 1-2 parts of chlorate of potash, in an extremely fine powder. This mixture is highly inflammable when dry, and it is, therefore dangerous to preserve it in that state.



Substances which decompose water freely, at the same time liberating a gas, must be reckoned among explosive powers. Among this class may be reckoned potassium and sodium, the elements of potash and soda, which have such an affinity to the oxygen of water as to be able to separate its elements, to combine with its oxygen, and to liberate its hydrogen. If we throw a small piece of potassium on water, it takes fire, diminishes more and more, and at last disappears in the water, with an explosion, hydrogen being at the same time given off. If a hole be made in a rock, so as to admit of some water and potassium, and the opening be immediately closed, the rock will in a very short time be burst, and at an expense not much greater than if it were effected by means of gunpowder. The same must, of course, take place, if we inclose some potassium in a shell, and contrive by some mechanism not to allow the water to touch it till it has reached its destination, where the destructive properties of it would be immediately apparent.

One of the most formidable and one of the most dangerous explosive compounds known to the chemist is a substance called chloride of nitrogen. It is so dangerous to handle, that chemists have been contented to take for granted those powers assigned to it by its original discoverers. The examination of this substance caused its discoverer, Dulong, a severe mutilation of his fingers and the loss of an eye, and Sir H. Davy, who continued the experiment, was wounded in the eye by a sudden explosion. The greatest care should be taken in its preparation, the face should be protected by a sheet of iron gauze, and the hands by thick woollen gloves. For its preparation a glass vessel is filled with a not completely saturated solution of sal ammoniac in water, and inverted in a basin filled with the same solution. Chlorine is introduced into the bell, and is by degrees absorbed, the fluid at the same time receiving a yellow tinge. The formation of oily drops is perceived on the surface, which collect and sink to the bottom, forming a deep yellow oily liquid. This is chloride of nitrogen. At common temperatures the formation of it takes place but slowly, but when the solution of sal ammoniac in water is heated to 90 degs. Fah. the action begins very quickly, and the operation is speedily completed. It explodes, producing a very loud detonation at a temperature immediately below that of boiling water (212 degs. Fah.), shattering to pieces wood, glass, or iron. In order to show most simply, and in the least dangerous manner, the explosive powers of this compound, we may allow a drop of it to be sucked up by blotting paper, and on bringing it quickly to the light it will explode with a louder report than that of a rifle. In order to show its destructive properties we need only adduce the following experiment. If we were to take a cup, set it on a piece of board on the floor, and drop a single drop of chloride of nitrogen into it, and cover it with water; the mixture touched with a piece of hot iron would explode, the cup broken to pieces, the water thrown about, and the pieces of the cup on which the chloride of nitrogen lay be driven deep into the board. The chloride of nitrogen is resolved into chlorine and nitrogen gases, the instantaneous production of which, accompanied by heat and light, is the cause of the violence of the explosion. It is, however, not always necessary to heat it to cause it to explode, for if we touch it with a stick, dipped into oil of turpentine or nut oil, with amber, myrrh, India-rubber, and a few other substances, the same will take place. A compound analogous to this is iodide of nitrogen, which explodes with nearly as much violence as the chloride, but is more dangerous because less governable. More powerful in its effects, and a little better known than chloride or iodide of nitrogen, is the fulminate of silver. It is prepared by taking 100 grains of melted and finely pounded nitrate of silver, putting them into a roomy glass, pouring one ounce of lukewarm alcohol upon them, stirring them well together, and then pouring one ounce of fuming nitric acid into the glass. Violent effervescence takes place, and when the black powder deposited at the bottom of the glass becomes white, cold water poured into the glass will cause all action to cease. The whole operation is completed in a few minutes, and one of the chief precautions in making it, is to take a high and roomy glass, for explosions often happen when the liquid runs over, and a portion of the fulminate adheres to the glass. The powder is now to be washed on to the filter by means of water, and great care is to be taken that it be not touched with any hard substance, as the mere contact of a glass rod with the powder has caused it to explode, and has more than once cost the life of the operator. The powder must be dried by very gentle heat, and spread on blotting paper, with about two grains on each piece. The electric spark, hard pressure, a blow of the hammer, or contact with a glass rod dipped into a solution of concentrated sulphuric acid are sufficient to ignite it, causing it to explode.

Fulminate of mercury is similar to the former, though not quite so powerful. It crystallizes in fine silky needles, detonates violently by percussion, or when rubbed between hard bodies; in the flame of the candle it detonates with a feeble explosion. Mixed intimately with six times its weight of nitre, it forms percussion powder, which is introduced in the state of a paste with water into the copper caps. The daily papers state, that M. Jobbard, of Brussels, who has devoted much attention to pyrotechnic works has communicated to the French government what he states to be the composition of Captain Warner's destructive power. It consists, says he, of a Congreve rocket made in this way: the head of it is composed of a hollow cone, of great strength, containing a kilogramme of fulminate of mercury, on which is placed the usual charge of the rocket, of which the body is twice as long as those generally in use. He discharges his projectile from a directing tube from the porthole of the vessel, and on a level with the water, so that his projectile, skimming along the waves, which support a part of its weight, fixes itself in the side of the enemy's vessel, where it bursts when the fire reaches the fulminating powder, and making an immense opening in it, sinks it at once. The proper range of this rocket is three or four miles, but Capt. Warner imagines he can send it five or six, by discharging it from a cannon. He does not say that he will attain his object in the first attempt, but he will try until he succeeds.

Fulminate of gold is a body analogous to the two former, but being inferior in its effects, and far more costly it will not be made use of. A substance scarcely inferior to chloride of nitrogen or fulminate of silver is a combination of oxide of silver with ammonia, the so called ammoniacet of silver. It is of a highly dangerous character, owing to the facility with which it explodes. It may be formed by dissolving nitrate of silver in ammonia, and precipitating the liquor by a slight excess of potash. If this substance be pressed by a hard body, while still in a moist state, it explodes with great violence; when dry, the touch of a feather is sufficient to cause it to fulminate. The explosion is occasioned by the reduction of the oxide of silver to metallic silver, by the combustion of its oxygen with the hydrogen of the ammonia, and the consequent evolution of nitrogen gas.

We have now enumerated the chief explosive substances, many of which would, of course, be useless in a destructive point of view. Indeed, it is very remarkable, that some of these explosive compounds, which burn far more rapidly than gunpowder, such as fulminate of silver and mercury, are not adapted

for the movement of projectiles. Their action in exploding is violent, but local; if substituted for gunpowder, in charging firearms, they would shatter them to pieces, and not project the ball. The idea of destroying ships and forts by such destructive compounds is by no means new, although those which are most likely to answer have not been tried. We need wonder at nothing since Archimedes seriously proposed to destroy the enemy's fleet by burning lenses. The American, Robert Fulton, proposed the making of iron cylinders, which were to be filled, as far as we recollect, partly with a combustible compound, and partly with clockwork connected with a fuse, which in a certain time was to be brought into contact with the compound. Two of these so called torpedos were connected by means of a rope, and floated in the direction of the hostile ship. The tide was to carry it towards the prow of the ship, which would then be encircled, and destroyed as soon as the combustibles were ignited. The plan however failed, as was to be expected, owing to the uncertainty of the machine reaching its destination. David Bucknell invented a submarine vessel, in which a man might pass a considerable distance under water, and by means of this and an accompanying magazine of artillery, a bold attempt was made to blow up a British vessel in the harbour of New York during the time of the American war. This daring scheme of mischief failed, owing to the impossibility of attaching the magazine to the bottom of the ship by means of a sharp iron screw, which passed out from the top of the diving machine, and communicated with the inside by a waterjoint, being provided with a crank at its lower end, by which the engineer was to drive it into the ship's bottom. The well known Sir W. Congreve proposed to destroy towns and forts by the aid of kites. They were to be made of canvas, and of a very large size, so as to be able to carry very great weights. To the kite was attached a strong rope, and it was let fly on a windy day. When the kite had reached its place of destination over the fort, a shell, weighing a pound, with a fuse, was to be sent up, after the fashion in which boys send up paper messengers. When it reached the top of the kite, and stood over the devoted fort, the string which connected it with the rope of the kite, was to catch fire on reaching some combustible matter at the top, and the shell, thus released, was to fall into the midst of the besieged place. We are not aware whether the plan was ever tried.

Such are some of the modes which have been proposed from time to time for the purposes of destruction. We do not think that the more powerful compounds, known to the chemist, have been tried to any great extent. It is more than probable that one of the explosive agents, which we have mentioned, has been employed by Capt. Warner; and indeed this part of the experiment, as we have before observed, presents no difficulty. The power of projection, or 'the long range,' is a very different question, and we wait for proof by experiment; till then, we take leave of the subject, having shown, as we think, that sufficient attention has not been paid to the number and power of the explosive agents already known to chemical art.

## THE MINERS:

### A STORY OF THE OLD COMBINATION LAWS.

BY THE MEDICAL STUDENT

There is a certain district of England which is at once a coal and iron field. To the eye of the passing traveller it presents now, as it did many years ago, at the period of our tale, all the dreary and repulsive features such a portion of country usually exhibits. The air has a dingy and a clouded smokiness, the grass and trees are of a dirty green, the fences are unpropt and broken down, and every now and then you come to fields laid partially or altogether under water. This is caused by the sinking of the earth from the decay of the props supporting the roofs of the old wrought-out mines beneath. There is nothing of the fresh, breezy, sunny joyousness of rural scenery—every thing is bleak, cold, and sooty, and the mind of one wandering over such ground, in place of experiencing the exhilaration of the country, is oppressed with feelings of vague despondency and hopelessness. He cannot help knowing that instead of a ruddy-cheeked and light-hearted peasantry, those long, straggling lines of dirty, tile-roofed cottages that stretch up from the highway, have for their inhabitants, an ignorant, stunted, half-savage race, miserable, misanthropic, and inhospitable, among whom it is dangerous for the merely curiosity-led stranger to venture. The view of the many magnificent, wood-embosomed mansions—houses of the coal and iron masters alleviates nothing of these feelings, for the sight at the same time takes in numberless hills of coal dust, and shapely mounds of brown iron-stone; while the road you travel on is formed of crumbling black slag, the refuse of the smelting furnaces, whose ugliness deforms the landscape as much by day as their volcanic glare upon the lowering clouds makes night hideous. And while you gaze, the impression irresistibly comes upon you, that the monstrous wealth of a few, is the result of the monstrous suffering and degradation of the many, and that the gorgeous equipages that whirl along the furred and jewelled young ladies of the proprietors are but in another form the labour—the life-sweat of the miners' daughters, who in ignorance, and wretchedness, filth, and disease, drag on all-fours like brutes, the trucks of coal or iron-stone, along the stifling passages, and dripping poisonous caverns of the pits, a hundred fathoms beneath the very road their proud sisters of clay are riding over.

At the date of our story there was no branch of manufacture or commerce, no mode of employing capital or labour more productive of profit than the mining of coal and iron ore—probably there is none now;—but that was the era of the old combination laws, when it was felony for any number of workmen to murmur against the price the purchasers of their toil chose to give for it, or combine their energies to obtain the full or highest remuneration for their labour. From this and other causes, one of which was the facility and perfect legality of combination among the masters to keep up prices and keep down wages, the greatest fortunes were made with the most incredible rapidity, and the descendants of many that made them, now hold high places among our privileged ranks.

One of the wealthiest and most influential masters in the district alluded to, was Anthony Hasteleigh, Esq., of Weldon Edge. His annual income was much more than ten thousand pounds—how much we are afraid to say, lest we should throw discredit on our story, in the thoughts of those of our readers who may be unaware of the treasures which trade, manufacture, and mining, pour into the laps of our commercial aristocracy, or who may be displeased that such enormous wealth, and all the luxuries and enjoyments it can procure, should be in the power of men of no more noble or ancient origin than Adam. He was considered rather a hard master, and was a man of much talent and considerable acquirement; indeed his great fortune, having been almost all accumulated by himself, may tend to show this. He was a widower, and had one daughter, a young lady of no little beauty, though the energetic and determined expression that shone through her features, gave them somewhat of a hard and



masculine turn. She, with the two persons next to be introduced, will enact the principal scenes of the following narrative tragedy.

Mark and Edmund Vespas were the sons of one John Vaspas, a working miner, of average ignorance and wretchedness, who was one day killed by an explosion of fire-damp. His wife had died about a year before, and now his two sons were left to look out for themselves in the best way they could. Now, reader, you will scarcely credit it, that upon the heads of these two miserable children had descended the inspiring spirit of genius. It is nevertheless true, however unaccountable it may seem to those who believe that rank and talent always are born together, that these young beggars received from on high as much intellect as would have made a nobleman's second son premier, and his third, lord chancellor; but as they were born of the despised caste of those that make the gold—what it made them, this tale is written to show forth.

At the time of his father's death, Mark Vaspas, a boy about fourteen years of age, was employed in the mines, partly as a truck-drawer, partly as a sort of apprentice to the mining itself. But it happened that a new shaft of much promise having been sunk, which required a Newcomen engine of great magnitude, he managed, with some intriguing, to get employment as a sort of assistant to, or attendant on, the engine-keeper. Up to this time he could not read, nor, though he regarded with much curiosity the forms of the letters painted on the waggons, &c., and wondered how they could represent sounds, moreover, though he frequently expressed this curiosity, yet he never could find any one able to satisfy it—all around were as ignorant as himself. But when he got this situation about the engine, he found the keeper—a quiet, well-informed Scotchman—both able to give him instruction, and also disposed to feel amusement in the task, and while the engine requiring them to give merely a glance at it now and then, laboured away at the pumps, they were employed in the business of teaching and being taught—a piece of chalk and one of the iron plates of the engine-frame serving as the materials.

Mark had been from his earliest years a boy of very great penetration, in addition to his talent. He had seen, almost from the day he came above ground, that whether there ought to be or not, there are, have been always, and will continue to be, two distinct classes of men—the high and the low—between which lies a great gulf, almost altogether impassable, and whose conditions are widely different in respect of enjoyment, the portion of one being poverty, hard labour, ungratified appetites, humiliation, early death; that of the other, wealth, idleness, gratification of every desire, honour, and life prolonged to the utmost by care and nursing; and this too arising from no moral merit or demerit in the individuals of either class. He perceived it, and also that he himself was of that class doomed from birth to toil and disease, to every privation and all disrespect, whose sole comfort was said by the humane of the higher class to lie in contentment with its miseries, and an attempt to form a kind of negative happiness, by teaching the mind not to pine after the positive and real, which these humane had set apart for themselves.

He never thought there was the least political or moral injustice in this state of things; but knowing himself to be born of the low or miserable class, and feeling his mind capable of appreciating the enjoyments of the high or happy one, his whole thought was to discover a means of quitting the one and finding his way to the other, a course which he knew that a few had successfully followed out. And first on considering the careers of these latter, he became aware that no man ever raised himself in the world by ignorance, idleness, or drunkenness, but that the steps whereby to ascend were intelligence, activity, sobriety, prudence, perseverance. That knowledge is power he soon perceived, although he had never heard of the aphorism, or the mighty mind from whom it first emanated.

It was therefore with an engrossing enthusiasm that Mark, the mining-boy, set himself to the acquirement of knowledge, as one of the steps whereby he might make himself a gentleman,—coveting that rank and condition, solely because he believed they afforded all facilities for the gratification of the appetites and desires, and in this consisted all the happiness he had any idea of.

The slothful or incapable may make extreme poverty or constant toil an excuse for ignorance and debasement—where there is a will there is a way, and the enthusiast after knowledge, however great his poverty, or apparently unceasing labour, will find ten thousand means, and opportunities of mental cultivation. Believing this, you will not be surprised that in three or four years Vaspas was a highly intelligent young man, and on the death of the engine-keeper, was found best qualified of any about the works to take his place. This was the most advantageous thing for him that could have occurred. He had new good wages, plenty of leisure, the respectability of having a charge, and the power of keeping himself personally clean. All these but whetted his appetite for further advancement, and for those great pleasures which money, and influence over the actions of others, could place within his grasp. Wealth and power were the deities he worshipped with all the fervour of youthful enthusiasm, and the possession of them the only paradise he looked forward to; and so ardent was his pursuit, that no obstacle could turn him from the path he had shaped out for himself, as the most direct to this goal of his hopes and wishes. Crime in his eyes was no obstacle, that is, if it could be perpetrated without chance of punishment. The worst crimes he would freely have committed if they helped him forward on his way to wealth, and could be done without discovery—for of moral right and wrong he took a most extensive and "philosophical view." A crime that could not be punished, he considered no evil, and he saw that in the world many horrible crimes are continually being committed, which, from the criminals not being punishable, are even considered as laudable actions, and sent down as such through history to posterity. You will at once see our drift when we state that in his eyes, conquest and robbery were the same thing, war in no ways different from murder, and fraud identical with diplomacy, and when we tell you further that he believed religion to be a contemptible imposition, which showed little genius in its inventors, and less penetration in its dupes, you will be able to take a fuller view of his character on the whole. He saw the world to be one vast struggle in which every body of men strove for their own interest; and again, each individual of every body for his own particular advantage; and this interest and advantage he finally fixed to be the gratification of mental desires and bodily appetites, the *summum bonum*, to attain which, it was right to use every means, be they commonly called good, bad, or indifferent. You will begin to think that this hero of ours looks very like a villain. True, he was one; but he was not the only one in this world.

When he was about twenty-one years of age, and his brother eleven, he got for the latter employment in the engine-room, similar to what he had himself first held. This added a few shillings to their weekly income, and brought the youngest more closely under his eye; for though he could not but look upon his brother as somewhat of a drawback at that age, yet he intended by proper

instruction to make him a valuable adjutant in his own schemes of advancement to money and influence. He had, from the earliest years at which the boy was susceptible of instruction, laboured to impart to him the knowledge, taste, and general mental ability he himself had acquired, and to implant in his mind the same views of men and morality as he entertained; nor were his efforts unavailing, for Edmund at the age of sixteen, in the merely ornamental branches of knowledge, far excelled him—more than this—began to show a desire to follow out a career in life according to his own judgment, and altogether independent of that of his brother.

And this was the first cause of disagreement between them, and a heavy cause it was; for at the means Mark adopted to acquire wealth and influence, Edmund showed disgust, while those proposed by the latter were treated by the former with contempt, as hopeless folly.

But we may as well give a sketch of the person and habits of each, when we can better explain their separate speculations of advancement in life.

Mark was a tall, exceedingly muscular, harsh-featured, bristle-haired, lowering browed man, whom no process of dressing or setting off could ever make to look like a gentleman. He was decidedly repulsive in person, and his manners (for he was conscious of his appearance) were distant and haughty, approaching to rudeness. Edmund again, was of slight and elegant figure, and though his face too much resembled his brother's to be any thing like handsome, still there was nothing about it positively disagreeable—indeed there was an expression of intellect pervading the whole features, and something like a poetic glance about the eye, that to some persons would have made him highly interesting. He was a poet, too, in a measure—read, in spite of his brother, all works of fiction in verse or prose—made verses himself, and took pride in a tongue whose persuasiveness to evil not Belial's could surpass. In conversation, his knowledge, however he had picked it up, seemed inexhaustible, and his manners were so winning, his voice so sweet in its sound, at the same time there seemed so much earnestness, so much enthusiasm in all his views, and so much force and originality in his ways of expressing them, that no one could help being pleased with him, and entertaining a desire to please him in return. Indeed, the truth of this was triumphantly proven by the ruin of two poor girls, miners' daughters, who tearfully laid at his door their moral death.

At the age of seventeen, he applied to Mr. Hasteleigh for a situation as clerk in the counting-house attached to the mines. His master, pleased with his handwriting, and the smart but respectful style of the application, gave him the situation he required, and he forthwith bade adieu to the miners, and all sympathy with them, talking for ever after with supreme contempt of the class from which he sprung.

Before the death of Mr. Hasteleigh, which took place about three years afterwards, he had risen high in his confidence, and had been entrusted with several important duties, the latest of which was the superintendence of a truck store, where the workmen were paid their wages, not in money but in provisions, and other necessities on which the master took a most respectable profit, thus grinding out of the poor creatures the uttermost farthing. So respectably did he acquit himself in this, that he rose daily higher in his employer's esteem, and was even honoured once or twice with invitations to his table, where he shone with equal lustre in his eyes, and those of Miss Joan, his daughter. It is true, there were a few awkwardnesses about his presence and manners at first, at which Miss Hasteleigh did not scruple to laugh, not caring much about the pain she gave her guest whose burning blushes bore witness to the acuteness of his feelings. Yet at each laugh Edmund wished and hoped for a rich revenge, and he had it ultimately. But all this soon was over, and his natural genius shone forth in his conversation with such power, that the young lady, who had erewhile laughed so heartily at his blunders, forgot them all, and won by his gentleness and grace of manner, word and thought, felt not only always happier when with him than at other times, but also upon his taking leave, strangely anxious for a future visit.

Now this only daughter and heiress of Mr. Hasteleigh must have seemed a very lofty and satisfactory summit to the hopes and speculations of Edmund, and to afford as short a cut to great wealth and influence as could be supposed. As such did he look on her, and he laboured with his whole endeavour to render himself agreeable in her eyes. And certainly no man could be possessed of a more bewitching presence, or more calculated to win the heart of a woman, herself of some judgment, and for this he could not help giving her credit.

And this was the scheme which Mark Vaspas looked on as hopeless folly. Now what was his own, in which Edmund did not care to abet?

It was, we have said before, the time of the old combination laws. The workmen, wrought to the last drop of sweat, ill-fed and ill-clothed, through the operation of the truck system—kept in ignorance and wretchedness, and when mentioned by their superiors, only mentioned with the contempt wherewith a Brazil merchant speaks of negroes—were driven to the greatest exasperation against their employers. Any person combining, as it was called, with another to withhold their labour, so as to raise wages, was severely punishable by law, and the ringleaders of combinations have been known to suffer banishment, long periods of imprisonment, whipping, and other inflictions, suited, no doubt, to the heinousness of the offence. Consequently when a strike was in contemplation, it required to be organised with so much nicety and secrecy, that on the day fixed, every man seemed to throw up work as if from his own opinion of the propriety of the measure, without previous conferring or combining with others. In such a case the masters would be altogether unaware till the very morning when the men struck work, that such a thing was to occur, and quite unable to fix upon any as the ringleaders, as they were called, or getters-up of the strike.

But in order to bring such an affair as this to perfect completion, it required in the organiser a genius of no mean order, and such a genius was that of Mark Vaspas.

From his twentieth year he had been sedulously going about among the men, endeavouring to persuade them he was the very man best capable of guarding their interests, and lecturing to them in knots of two or three, mingling among them at the few sports for which their over-wrought frames allowed them inclination, doing for them, gratis, any thing in the way of letter-writing that might be wanted—nay, even teaching some of them that desired it, to read and write.

The continual burden of his song to them, on all occasions, was the iniquitous injustice of the fact, that they whose labour created the money, enjoyed such a miserable proportion of it, while such a vast share fell to the luxurious, oppressive, and do-nothing masters. The doctrines of equality among mankind, Agrarian division of property, limited labour, and all other doctrines of the French school, he disseminated, advocated, and explained among them to his utmost. And when the people, over a wide district, saw his great muscular strength,



indomitable courage, and his talent and information, which appeared to them almost super-human—his countenance, sobriety, benevolence, and apparent entire devotion to their interests—they began in a year or two to place implicit confidence in him, and to take any advice or command from him with the same reliance as if it were a mandate from on high.

Now Mark, in the course of his extensive reading, had met with accounts of societies for various purposes—political, religious, and of other descriptions, and knew of Orangeism, Ribbonism, the secret tribunals of the middle ages, and the Carbon and Calderarism of Italy. Upon the basis of what he knew of these, aided by his own invention, he built a confederation among the mining workmen, for the purposes of combination, so secretly and so perfectly organised, that he had at once every individual in it under his cognizance, and was enabled to completely baffle all the efforts of the masters, aided by the minions of the law by bribes and espionage, either to discover its nature, or who were its originators or directors. This society had oaths, penalties, ceremonies, tribunals of judgment, signs verbal and by gesture, and certain apparently unmeaning marks which, chalked on wall or tree, indicated to the initiated of the neighbourhood particular understood commands.

But this perfection was the result, not of a few days thought, but of years of study, experiment, and failure—for once having been convicted of an active share in an abortive strike to procure certain alleviations in the *truck* system, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with hard labour, which was rigorously inflicted. But this failure was perhaps the thing that contributed most to his ultimate success, for he had now the testimony, as it were, of martyrdom to his honesty; and the able way in which he had conducted his defence, and that of his fellow-workmen, and kept up their spirits under punishment, made those of them the most disposed to be independent, at once knock under, and acknowledge him as their master-spirit. Several letters, too, which he began to show them, and which he stated were in foreign languages, understood by him, which came from high personages disposed to sympathies with and aid them, threw an air of vast and hidden power about him, that made them regard him with a kind of awe.

After his conviction and imprisonment, he, of course, lost his situation as engine-keeper, and was disowned in public by his brother, now in high favour with his own and the neighbouring masters. He removed to a small mining town, nearly in the centre of the district, where, after idling about for half-a-year or so, he took on lease, and furnished a small but pretty respectable house, and put on his door a plate bearing the inscription *Mark Vasper, Agent*; though in what line the agency lay it would be difficult for a stranger to guess. But when we tell you, reader, that from each member of this body, containing as it did nearly all the adult population of an extensive district, he received sixpence every month as contributions to a common fund, of which he was the treasurer, along with one penny as his own salary, in compensation for having lost, on their account, his means of living, and devoted all his energies to their cause,—then, perhaps, you will perceive the agency in its proper light. For this money he knew there was no fear of those who contributed it ever calling him to account; for so well was the society arranged, that the number at large could not communicate with him, except through inferior officers, whose he led them to change, or arbitrarily changed himself every six months, thus allowing them no time, even had they been possessed of intelligence sufficient to see through his character or measures; keeping also even from those nearest him in its ranks, a sort of mysterious distance on all points connected with his own proceedings.

By means of this society, he could in a morning throw every mine out of work, as the expression is, and that too, at a moment totally unexpected and unprovided for by the masters, and for such moments, too, he was constantly on the look out, rendering himself as complete a thorn in their sides as could well be supposed, and materially affecting the state of markets. In fact, he wielded with admirable skill, dexterity, and success the engine of labour against that of capital, and so secret and well concerted were his measures so baffling to the ingenuity of the masters and their myrmidons, that at last they succumbed, allowed reasonable wages, and the workmen their own choice between *truck* and free shops for provisions, clothing, and general goods; and to conclude, at any time when they desired constant labour for any push in trade, they were glad to bribe Mr. Vasper, the agent, with large sums of money. These he contrived to receive. Jonathan Wild fashion—that is, in such a way that the givers could not positively bring the criminality of the receipt home to him. Will you believe us too, reader, that he was in constant communication with certain government authorities as an informer, being well paid either for plausible stories without foundation, or for betraying quietly any other bodies of labourers, except those of his own society, who might be disposed, tempted by the success of those he managed, to try for a few analogous results; and of these, from the extensive ramifications of his own society, he had early and always unsuspected intelligence.

Thus the men being happier now than they were before his supremacy, and filled with hope of being happier still, seeing, moreover, all things of the kind fail in which he had not a hand, began to look upon him with reverence, pride and affection, considering him the very prophet of their class, and often paying out of sheer gratitude, double the usual monthly subscription.

Money was thus flowing in upon Mark, for we presume you will be aware there was no such thing as any established fund, every penny he received being at once appropriated to his own uses. His continence and temperance seemed now also to have undergone a wonderful change. He dressed, ate, drank, and did other things, as closely like a gentleman as he could, and with the complete abandonment of a professed voluptuary, stinting no appetite that the money so freely flowing into his coffers could afford the gratification of. Moreover, the masters knowing that his mysterious power over their workmen not only existed, but could be regulated, and was to be purchased, showed him every attention, invited him into their society, and he was even not a little courted. But here again the contrast was singular between him and his brother. He affected pride of his origin—practised no affectation—talked of the working class with the greatest respect, and in place of an affable manner, a musical voice, and a winning tongue, preserved and seemed to pride himself in his forbidding demeanour, and his few and harsh, but forcibly expressed sentences, all bearing upon some important particular of commerce, politics, or the like, while he had ever a sneer for any of the little bits of refinement he could not help observing among the wealthy and sometimes well educated proprietors. Those blunders too that a person suddenly raised from the lowest caste to a comparatively high one cannot help committing, and which drew from his brother such blushes of shame, did not at all incommode him; indeed the sneer of utter contempt that would on such occasions glide over his dark and harsh physiognomy effectually prevented any thing approaching to that unfeeling laughter which so mortified Edmund.

But while Mark was thus become a monied and influential man, popular and

powerful, loved by the majority, and courted by the minority who hated him, Edmund continued to draw a small but still respectable salary upon the *truck* business of Mr. Hasteleigh. He envied his brother, it is true. "However," he would say, "he is my senior by eleven years; when I am of his present age, what shall I not be?"

But in the meantime he had been progressing further and further into the favour of Miss Hasteleigh, when an event that for a year or two had certainly not been unexpected took place; Mr. Hasteleigh died, having first settled on his daughter, Miss Joan, and her issue only, all his property.

In fact, though she was at the time but twenty years of age, for the year or two previous the whole vast business of her father had been *bona fide* under her management; for he suffered from a painful chronic ailment that confined him to the house, and was glad to acquiesce in, and give the sanction of his name to, any measure she pleased, and with the assistance of the various confidential clerks, &c., and especially of Edmund Vasper, who acted as a kind of private clerk, she conducted all affairs with the greatest ability and success. She was now to be the independent mistress of a great and flourishing business, and to be disposed of at her own caprice alone. She was, moreover, a woman of much beauty, and of a character remarkable for masculine judgment and energy.

"She is mine!" thought Edmund—"she must be—I know she loves me—but more, she knows my talent, and that, great as her fortune is, I am the man that can double it in ten years."

"Poor fellow!" thought Joan, "he loves me I believe, but however good, amiable, talented, and latterly, polished, he is still only a miner's son. His career has been remarkable, but what is intellect, enterprise, any thing, if their possessor be low-born. I make no doubt he thinks to have me, but that cannot be; however, I will help him on in life as far as I can."

In the meantime Edmund did his utmost to render himself pleasing to her, and once or twice was convinced he would win her. He devoted himself with his whole energy to the task, considered no labour too great, and often after a long day's work at the counting house, would sit up half or all the night, balancing and squaring different portions of the business, to please her, or lessen her trouble, or perhaps arranging the returns sent by the different commercial travellers, or making up abstracts of the state of the coal and iron markets at different periods, to guide her speculations. And when she saw the pale cheek and lustrous eye, produced as much by this labour as by having the all-exciting thought of making a fortune continually before the mind, she laid it to his consuming passion, and while she pitied him, regretted that he was of a rank so low. But she did not love him—no, as yet she did not—he was merely the favourite servant of the firm of Hasteleigh and Co.

She became now the great toast of the district—the very pet of its society—the cynosure of all ball-rooms, and the like places of resort. Her name and fortune were the conversation of all the young men who thought their rank (they all thought their persons) offered pretensions to her favour. Moreover, her habits and disposition were a frequent theme of discourse, and those who were wise enough to see themselves altogether shut out from any chance of her, were pretty well agreed upon the point, that whoever got her would get something to keep his wits in exercise without any mistake.

Edmund was not surprised that with all her talent she should thus take delight in pursuits so frivolous in the eyes of those incapable of enjoying them. He could enjoy them himself, and panted for that time when his money and influence would allow him to take his natural place in the bright circle wherein she took such pleasure in holding her own eminent position. And yet this circle was that of the commercial and mining aristocracy of a district; there was not a lord mixed with it, save at election time, and the landed gentry affected to keep aloof from it. Probably the cause of this was that few of them had money enough to keep up in it the consideration they deemed their due.

But shortly there appeared in this circle a class of persons who probably are the proudest, the poorest, the worst educated, the most polished, and most privileged, of all orders of people above the rank of mere bodily labour. We mean military officers—not generals, colonels, and other master officers, but the majors, captains, lieutenants, ensigns, &c., who tramp with their regiments, and may therefore be styled the journeymen officers. These personages in all provincial towns have an *entrée* at once unquestioned into the wealthiest circles, and a poor ensign, whose father's pay could not afford him more education than he could pick up about the barracks—who has some six or seven shillings a day, and out of that must find a glittering uniform and a man to keep it clean, will find himself more courted than the university-educated head of a mercantile house who sends a dozen men through the kingdom to puff his goods, giving each of them four or five times his rival's income. How this comes we need not delay our story to investigate; suffice it to say that the regiment that had for a year or so been at the barracks of the large town in which the principal business of Hasteleigh and Co. was transacted, marched away one fine morning, to the great grief of all the young ladies, which was changed to smiles when, on the following morning, another regiment, with younger officers, marched in.

In this second regiment was Lieutenant Peeche, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, remarkable for a tall and very fine figure (partly the gift of the tailor), handsome features, a good complexion, rather stolid blue eyes, a receding forehead, and a beautiful head of hair. His connexions were as follows:—his father was a lieutenant-colonel on half-pay, and with about two thousand pounds in the funds, and on the produce of these he had to live himself, and educate and provide for six sons. The two eldest of them he managed to get into the army, the next into the navy, leaving them to shift for themselves when there, while the fourth had to struggle into the church, and with much ado got a situation as chaplain to a travelling nobleman, whose means required him to reside abroad, while his religious predilections needed the service of the Church of England. The fifth son having no admiration for pride and poverty, broke away at a tangent and opened a hat shop in Dublin, and soon made money enough to console him for being disowned by his relations. The sixth was our present Lieutenant Peeche, and was considered, both personally and mentally, the flower of the flock, was encouraged to look out for a fortune, and told that his brother the hatter's fate would be his if he threw himself away. He used to be told at home, by his anxious mother, that though when he joined his regiment he would have to live on his pay, he might consider himself at any time worth ten thousand pounds worth of face, and the same amount of figure (if clothed in red.)

The above being his personal stock in speculating for a fortune, let us see what was his mental. He could read English, and write a note on occasion, though imperfect in the spelling department; he recollected the first five rules of arithmetic, had a vague idea that some people bothered their heads about squares, triangles, and other odd figures, had learnt the first half of the French grammar, and was nearly perfect in the arts of carving, dancing, and talking



charming frivolity. In society he had a fine bold bearing, let the ghost of a strangled oath haunt the conversation now and then, and had a way of leading the opinions and directing the ridicule of fair auditors that was surprising; as, for instance, a young gentleman in black remarking that he had heard that mathematics were a branch of knowledge highly essential to a soldier, and that Bonaparte was deep in it—"Yes," replied Peeche, "I have heard that engineer officers work at it, but none of ours—none of ours. For my own part I never could manage dry studies of any sort." This sentence, and the air with which it was uttered, were convincing—the ladies at once agreed that dry studies were very stupid and low things, and altogether beneath the rank and mind of Lieutenant Peeche, indeed, only fit for engineer officers, Bonaparte, and the young gentleman in black, who, feeling his discomfiture, shrunk out of the conversation, and was dumb, whilst his vanquisher, leaning back, showed the extreme edges of his fine teeth in a scarcely cognisable smile of self-complaisance.

But we are tired of the fool. Let us say at once that he made a conquest of Miss Hastleigh, and married her and her money. We believe she loved him very deeply. His personal prettiness (what a quality for a man!) easy manners, art of talking much and soft, and the grace of his attentions to her, won her heart suddenly and for a time, and during that time he proposed, and on her learning that he was the son of Colonel Peeche, of Dublin, and had two brothers in the army, and one in the navy, being thus of most respectable connections she surrendered at once.

This event struck a blow at Edmund which nearly prostrated him completely, and he was all but giving up his speculations in despair, and turning his talents to some more promising pursuits. Indeed, he bitterly envied his brother, whose long endeavours and disappointments had at length been crowned with success complete and unequivocal, and so strong did this feeling run, and so humbled was he by his own disappointments, that he determined to pay him a visit.

On going to the place, drooping and dispirited, he could not but admire the pretty little cottage, with the garden behind, which Mark had provided for himself, and when he compared them with his own lodgings, for he was on a comparatively limited salary, he could not but see that the balance of happiness was altogether on his brother's side. A boy in livery admitted him, and shortly ushered him into a neat little room opening upon the garden, fitted up with books all round, thickly carpeted, and every way comfortable. Here he found Mark, seated in a library chair of the latest and most luxurious kind, busily engaged, pen in hand, among a lot of books, pamphlets, and written papers.

They talked for a little calmly and quietly, there being nothing about the manner of either of them indicating their being more than strangers conversing on some unimportant matter, save the humbled aspect of Edmund, and the subdued exultation and slight sneering smile of Mark. After a little.

"Well, you have had it your own way," said the latter; "had you lent your aid to me I might have been what I am now a year or two earlier; or in other words, at this time my wealth and influence might have been the square of their present amount, while you might have shared in proportion to your years. But you could not relish an apprenticeship—you wanted to jump at fortune all of a sudden; and now I suppose you are come to join with me after the long toil, humiliation, and imprisonment are over, and reap a little of their good fruits."

"Oh no, no, I merely came to see if you were well."

"I am well, Edmund, and I can see you are ill. I'll tell you why—I educated you and you deserted me—I was persecuted and you disowned me. Now I am independent—the absolute ruler of ten thousand strong men, who love and implicitly obey me, for they know that the sole motive of all my actions—the only thing I have striven for—is their welfare."

Here Edmund smiled so significantly at the same time with so much contemptuousness at his brother's attempt to palm a canting lie upon him, that the latter was altogether put out, and the lurid indication of a blush rose over his swarthy physiognomy. In a moment he resumed more loudly, and in a tone that claimed not to be trifled with.

"I can make the proudest of our old tyrants speak and bend and smile, though they wished me in hell, for I could break half of them within a fortnight. I have money, influence, and, in a measure, fame, and can command all happiness;—you are poor, disappointed, considered and treated as an amusing inferior—a parasite in that society which I enter on terms of equality. You had a scheme of your own which has broken beneath you like a rotten staff, and you come to make a claim upon me.—you who have never done me a particle of good, but much harm, in return for all the benefits you have had from me."

"You are wrong, Mark; I have done you good negatively if not positively, for at any time when you were building this great scientific combination system of yours, which yields you such a revenue, I might have betrayed you to the law, exploded the whole fabric, and had you banished, or worse. You recollect the *nob*-shooting business. This would have been my duty to my employers; and besides great immediate reward, might have led to the ultimate establishment of my fortune. How do you know that when one scheme has, as you say, miserably failed, I may not be tempted to try the other, even so late as now?"

A deadly pallor, and expression which coupled with it, made Mark's countenance, forbidding at the best of times, positively terrific, preceded his reply. He sat calmly the while, with the top of his pen in his mouth, as if subduing by effort his emotion. At length he said, "If I thought you would, I would take immediate steps to prevent you, and you know what *they would be*"—here he laughed a short, harsh, grating "ha, ha!" which had a sort of interrogative sound, as his dark gray eye flashed upon his brother's, searching as it were his very soul. "But as I know you dare not, brother,—so"—here stretching his arm he rang the bell—"I wish you a good morning: I will do nothing for you. Grey, show Mr. Vaspar out."—And thus the brothers parted.

But to return to Lieutenant Peeche. No sooner had he got his hands on a little of his wife's money, or "the plunder," as one of his brothers (a wag) called it, than the fortunes of his whole family took a remarkable start of improvement. Colonel Peeche removed to a more aristocratic part of the city of Dublin, and set up an equipage. Captain Algernon Peeche found his way to a majority, and Lieutenant and Acting Quartermaster Percival Peeche purchased his company. All this showed Lieutenant Peeche to be a very dutiful fellow to his real relations, and to have a proper feeling towards his wife, as she, being the daughter of a coalmaster, and of inferior rank to him, was therefore to be pigeoned in the game of marriage, just as her upstart father would have been rightly served in the game of *carte*.

He also showed a strong disinclination to take upon him the active conduct

\* We presume we need hardly inform the reader that "*nobs*" are men who take the place of labourers who have "struck."

of the business. This arose partly from dislike to any employment except the toil fools call the pursuit of pleasure, partly from want of sufficient education (for carving, dancing, and gallantry, are hardly enough of that for the counting house), but mostly from lack of adequate intellect. He was great, however, with the horse, dog, and gun, and soon became a perfect sportsman, leaving that vast business which supported him in splendour, and enriched his connexions, with all its cares, speculations, and immense correspondence, to the management of his wife, and whomsoever of the numerous underlings connected with it she chose to call to her aid. He gave many and splendid dinners more over, and the eating and drinking gentry of the neighbourhood began to flock around, while his house was always free as the barrack to "ours."

But it was not many months before Mrs. Peeche began heartily to repent of her bargain. The warmth of her love for his pretty face and figure evaporated. It was a merely animal passion, and as such departed with its gratification, and she began to regard with disgust that beauty which had erewhile so captivated her. She found him not only idiotically ignorant on all useful subjects, but contented with his ignorance, and disposed to mock with an insane ridicule any show of knowledge or talent, she or others might happen to display. On all matters that required judgment or information, or the application of thought for any time, he was utterly helpless, while at the same time he entertained neither respect for the talented, nor gratitude for the assistance they might yield.

Moreover, he had never loved her; he had not mind enough for that passion; he had all along regarded her, as we have said before, merely as a pigeon to be plucked by him in the game of matrimony—as a prize for himself and family. As time went on he did not scruple to tell her this. Before the first year of their marriage was over he had become to her an object of contempt, a detested burden, a dreaded torment.

When she began first to see him, as the gloss of his prettiness of person and of heroic scarlet faded from him, an ignorant and tyrannical fool, she could not but institute a comparison between him and that other, who she believed loved her with his whole soul, and was now suffering the pangs of disappointment—the all-gifted and able Edmund Vaspar. Disgusted with the beggarly aristocracy of the Colonel's son, she saw a true and high nobility in the genius of the young plebeian; tired of the stolid beauty of the one, her admiration flew to the quick eye and sharp dark features that spoke the active intellect of the other. Worried to death with the yawning ennui, the listless affectation, the stupid and often indecent slang of the stable and dog-kennel, she pined for the low-pitched and thrilling voice, the musical sentences and glowing ideas, of her former humble lover—for his exhaustless information on all topics, his dauntless talent, equal to every effort, and his indefatigable business ability, which no labour could tire, no difficulties dispirit.

Edmund could not but look upon his rival with a contempt which envy at his success elevated into fierce detestation, and as he sat day by day in his small wood-partitioned counting room in the *truck* store, so intense became this hatred, so complete his despair of advancement, that he meditated the infliction upon him of some grievous bodily harm. It was to sound his brother, who had the power to effect this he well knew, with ease and certainty, that he paid him the visit we have detailed.

But as time wore on, when he saw the feeling growing up between the pair, when he marked it with his whole soul, as alive to it as the ear of a criminal to his sentence, then did his spirits mount again to more than their former level, and he set his active wits to work with all their pristine energy.

It was not long after the marriage till he was recalled, to lend his aid in the chief conduct of the business of his new master. The latter saw him, surveyed him carelessly—would have done it with an eye-glass had such a thing been in fashion then—and on being informed that his skill and ability were indispensable, gave his consent to his being placed in the situation of chief confidential clerk, and turning to an eminent rat catcher who was with him at the time, began to converse about the state of the stables in regard to vermin.—[Remainder next week.]

## THE HOUSE OF LORDS AS A COURT OF APPEAL.

From the London "Spectator," Sept. 7.

The proceedings in the case of O'Connell place in a strong light the defects of the House of Lords as a Court of Appeal.

The Lay Lords declined voting: the case was too exclusively legal for them to give an opinion. Fourteen Judges delivered opinions on the occasion; five of them members of the House of Peers, and nine members of the Courts at Westminster, not Peers. It is no disrespect to the Law Lords to say that the opinion of any one of the Westminster Judges is, as a legal opinion, equal in weight to any of theirs. If there is any difference, it is in favour of the opinions of the Westminster Judges. The case was a political one; the Westminster Judges are by their position less exposed to political bias than the Peers, whether acting or ex-Judges, who are actually political characters. Yet, by the legal fiction that the decision is the decision of the House of Peers, not of the Judges, it is brought about that five Judges outvote nine; that although seven non-political Judges are for affirming the sentence of the inferior Court and only two for reversing it, it is reversed by a vote of three political Judges against two political Judges—three Whig Judges voting against the Chancellor and the *unchigged* Lord Brougham.

The decision in such a case, be it right or be it wrong, cannot settle what the law is. Men cannot have confidence in a decision which affirms that to be the law which a majority of the Judges consulted have declared not to be the law. They will say that it was needless to take the opinion of the Peers, who are not lawyers seeing that it is allowed on all hands they were incompetent to form one. They will say that if the decision was to be left to the Judges, then the whole of the Judges ought to have had votes. In short, they will say that the appellate jurisdiction ought to be transferred from the Peers, who do not understand law, to the Judges, who do.

In the present instance, the Lay Peers have, with commendable modesty, abstained from meddling with a business they do not understand; but their declining to act was a mere courtesy; they took good care that it should be with express reservation of their right. Who would be guarantee that the Peers will always act thus discreetly? Even now, had the responsibility been a trifle less alarming—had the stake played for been a trifle more important—had Ministers been a trifle less scrupulous or cautious—it would be rash to affirm that the existing Peerage would have maintained its laudable silence. So long as the appellate jurisdiction remains vested in the House of Lords, it may depend upon the character of individual Peers—upon the mood in which these Peers are at the moment—whether a party accused of political offences shall be judged by men who have cultivated the lawyer's habit of impartiality, or by a majority of hostile political partisans.



The mischief that may be done by the House of Lords in cases of private rights is perhaps even greater than the mischief it can do in political cases. There is no lack of charity in believing, that the diffidence of the Lay Peers in O'Connell's case was owing less to distrust of their own judgment than to apprehension of the consequences which might follow their decision. In questions of mere private rights, such apprehensions can only exist, if at all, to a very limited extent. There is least certainty of the noninterference of the Lay Peers precisely in those cases where they can do most harm. Political appeals are of rare occurrence; but civil appeals, involving property and privileges to an immense amount, are yearly submitted to the House of Lords. Political appeals in nine cases out of ten relate to broad and general principles on which the common sense of well-educated men may safely decide; but civil appeals in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred relate to technical points of law.

The only arguments advanced in support of the anomalous appellate jurisdiction of the Peers are—that a decision of the House of Lords carries more weight than a decision of a common Judge or Judges could; and that it is the constitutional practice of the House. It may be doubted whether, for more than a century, the decisions of the House of Lords have not owed all the weight they possessed to the character of the Chancellor who presided at the time, and really formed, as he pronounced, the judgment. At all events, it cannot henceforth be expected that the decision of the real Judge will receive additional weight from being called the decision of a body who have so solemnly and publicly declared their incapacity to act as Judges. On the contrary, there may be on some occasions an indisposition to appeal to the real Judge, from a fear that the Lay Lords may assert their power to act along with him. As to the privilege of the House of Lords, there appears to be little wisdom in pertinaciously retaining a privilege which they confess it would be unwise and unjust in them to exercise.

The appellate jurisdiction never can command respect and confidence until it be vested in non-political Judges, and organized in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of a minority of the Judges outvoting a majority.

From the Spectator, Sept. 14.

The opinion that the House of Lords must necessarily have a conservative leaning, rests upon the belief, that, the wealth of its members and their exclusive privileges being endangered in unsettled and changeable times, they have a personal interest in upholding existing laws and old institutions—in not removing the old landmarks that their fathers have set. But the proceedings in the O'Connell case showed, that the Peers really under the influence of this bias take no part in its judicial decisions. When the House of Lords sits as a Court of Appeal, the wealthy and long-descended Peers—conservative from the necessity of their position—absent themselves, or merely look on. The work is done by the *adventurers*, (in no disrespectful sense of the word,) who have elbowed their way in among the Peers. These men, too, are liable to their bias; but the bias of lawyers, who have been all their lives the advocates of a party. Lawyers—Judges—are not raised to the House of Lords for their legal abilities and knowledge only: Judges who have risen to eminence in their profession slowly by legal abilities and knowledge rarely consent to be raised to the House of Lords. The lawyer who is a politician as well as a lawyer is the materials out of which Chancellors and other Law Lords are made. He may be Whig or he may be Tory, but his position has been attained by services to a party; and even after he has made himself independent in worldly circumstances, the habits of thought and action contracted during long years of service are not easily thrown off. Be he Whig or be he Tory, his conservatism is subordinate to other biases. He may even quarrel with his party without being able to shake off the character of a partisan. His pride lies in carrying a point; and to do this he makes little of an old institution that lies in his way.

For an institution to deserve the name of conservative, it is not enough that it give power to a man or to men of conservative opinions and predilections. Conservative, in its wide and true meaning, implies not the preservation of this or that law or institution, but the permanence and stability to a government and to the great mass of its forms. What is really conservative in a state is that which opposes an obstacle to vacillating policy and legislation—to hasty change. This can only be done by a power which exists in a measure independent of the law—which helps to make at the same time that it receives the law. Wealth is conservative; the prestige of birth is conservative; religion is in general conservative. A wealthy or a high-born individual may be, from taste or conviction, an innovator; nay, a daring priest has been known to throw himself into the innovating party; and there have been few more ardent anti-conservatives than Frederick the Great: but wealth and birth give power in all countries, and power derived from these sources is, in the rule, conservative—exerted in support of the permanence and stability of social arrangements. Such power cannot safely be delegated. The despot who resigns the business of state entirely to a vizier, is already more than half de-throned: the aristocracy which allows lawyers and other serviceable persons to discharge its functions under the sanction of its name, has denuded itself of much of its conservative influence. Not only do the delegates act under the influence of motives different from its own, but the transference of power is seen through, and men have little respect for a mere personation.

It has been well remarked by Coleridge in his notes on Blackstone, that in constituting the House of Lords a Court of Appeal, "authority was wanted more than new light." No man thought the opinion of the Chancellor better than the opinion of the Judges at Westminster; nor, indeed, was even the Chancellor necessarily a lawyer, till a comparatively recent period. The doctrine of the noninterference of Lay Lords would have worked finely in a House where there were no Lay Lords! The very circumstance of taking the Judges' opinions shows the understanding that the Lay Lords are to vote; for the Lay Lords do not need the aid of their opinions. The House of Lords is—or, since the decision of last week in O'Connell's case, we may say was—the last surviving specimen of the original English court of justice. The King and his Peers, the Lord of the Manor and his tenants, were the judges; the professional lawyer was merely consulted. Among other changes in the constitution of society, the judicial authority has been transferred to professional judges; the lawyer who advised the judges has become the judge. The House of Lords long held out against this innovation; but it being now confessed that *de facto* the Peers are in the habit of not acting in judicial proceedings—of leaving them to the management of the professional lawyers among them—it cannot be long till this court too is openly and avowedly composed of professional judges alone.

There will be no loss in this, and there will be some gain. Much might be said in favour of making the House of Lords the Court of Appeal. The Peers have been accustomed from boyhood to look forward to a participation in public

business as a badge of their rank; with the average education of English gentlemen, their sense of honour is kept acute by the consciousness of ever acting in the public eye; by their wealth they are raised above suspicion of interested motives. Allowing for individual exceptions, this is their character as a body. It was natural enough for men to say—"In the comparatively few cases in which the decision of the Judges in the Supreme Courts is not acquiesced in, little is to be gained by referring the question to another set of lawyers; it is better to cut the Gordian knot of legal subtleties by the decision of unprofessional men of sound judgment and unquestioned integrity. Let them have the advice of the Judges to give them a general notion of the law of the case, and to warn them against any serious deviation from ordinary forms; and let their common sense do the rest." As long as the Lay Lords actually sat in judgment, such a tribunal was perhaps as good as any. But they have ceased to do so. The judgment is now really pronounced by professional lawyers—under the full influence of the peculiar habits of the lawyer-mind, and freed from the check of public opinion, since any blunder or injustice they may commit will be attributed not to them, but to the House of Lords, in whose name they decide. It is in vain to struggle against the innovations of time. However well satisfied with the theory of appellate jurisdiction in the House of Lords—with that jurisdiction as it was once actually exercised—it has ceased to be a reality; and the hope to render it a reality again were as vain as to think of bringing back the time when the Sovereign sat in person in the Court of King's Bench. And since the customs and habits of thought of the age have rendered such a tribunal impossible, it will be better for all parties that another be substituted, composed of professional judges, instead of allowing professional judges to pronounce judgments screened from responsibility by the name of the House of Lords.

In the mean time, that Conservative House, by the contumely cast upon the Supreme Court in Ireland, on the Judges at Westminster, and on its own non-legal members, has given the greatest anti-conservative shock to law and its administration that has been witnessed in our day.

### Miscellaneous Articles.

#### A NURSERY RHYME—FOR "YOUNG FRANCE."

He that bombards and runs away,  
Will live to bombard another Day;  
But he that is in battle slain,  
Will never bombard no Moor again.

JOINVILLE.

**TURKISH WIVES.**—After chatting for a short time, through the medium of my conductress, who spoke Turkish fluently, three Circassian girls entered, dressed in a costume similar to that of their mistresses, and, excepting the jewels, in fabrics of nearly equal richness. On coming into the apartment, they stood with folded arms a little on one side, and were followed by three black slaves, two bearing silver salvers, covered with gold embroidered napkins, and the third having a jewelled censer, from which rare perfumes were scattered round the apartment. At a signal from the lady mother, the slaves bearing the salvers advanced to me, and, removing the napkins, one appeared with richly-cut tumblers, filled with artificially cooled water of the most perfect clearness, and the other supported vases of sweetmeats, with small gold spoons and saucers. After this refreshment, the slaves again took their places on either side of the door, and two more entered, bearing coffee in a similar way, the little china cups being held in outer cases of filagree silver-work. Immediately after coffee, Circassian slaves brought to each lady a chibouk, twisted with gold and silver, with silver bowls and amber mouth-pieces, which they smoked, terrible as the custom may seem to our English notions, in a very ladylike, pretty way, gracefully reclining on their cushions, while the slave-girls, with grave countenances and folded arms, stood respectfully before them. There was to me something peculiarly disagreeable about these Circassians; they were tall, much taller than the Turkish ladies, with fine figures, brilliantly fair complexions, highly rouged, and eyes and hair intensely black; handsome, therefore, particularly handsome; and yet the style of beauty had that Gu-nare-like expression which led one rather to tremble than admire: there was neither softness nor feeling in the gaze of these fair Odalisques, but the expression was altogether fierce, stern, and betraying a capability for any but gentle deeds. As I glanced from the round, soft, baby-like faces of the Turkish mistresses to the haughty, imperious countenances of these Circassian slaves, and thought of them as spies over the wives and favourites of the master, I pitied the poor girls more for this companionship than for all that Turkish despotism might do: it seemed like the union of the sparrow and the hawk, and quite sure am I that the mistress in a Turkish harem often trembles at the power of her slave. Mrs. Postans.

**HOT SPRINGS IN NEW ZEALAND.**—The hot springs are not confined to one or two places, but are so numerous, that it is dangerous for a stranger to walk about without a guide: at least, if he does, he runs a great risk of scorching the soles of his feet. In attempting to wade through one of the rivers, I had my foot very severely scorched from a hot spring in the bottom of the river, which is itself not only cold, but of considerable size. The water rises in some of the springs to the height of fifteen and twenty feet in regular jets; others emit steam like a high-pressure engine. The natives say, that the waters rise higher during westerly winds, and fall with the easterly; but this I had not the means of ascertaining the truth of, nor can I understand why it should be the case. The country in the neighbourhood of Rotorua is exceedingly picturesque. Besides Rotorua itself, there are several other beautiful lakes such as Rototiti, Kokatana, and Rotohiu. This would be a splendid place for old retired East Indians: it affords such lovely sites for houses, gardens, vineyards, &c. &c. and what with rocks, woods, lakes, rivers, waterfalls, hot, cold, tepid, and vapour baths, together with the artificial luxuries of billiards, news-rooms, &c., the bilious-livered old gentlemen might enjoy themselves here much more than they can ever expect to do either at South Australia or at the Cape. The temperature is equable in this place throughout the year; though, unlike South Australia, it certainly never rises to 93 deg. in the shade, and 120 deg. in the sun; and I am convinced the stagnant and nitrous waters of the Torrens, however strongly recommended by the disinterested company, will never impart the health and vigor which the Rotorua water would bestow. Many an old dyspeptic lady in England, and gouty rheumatic gentleman, would bless their stars, if they had an opportunity of drowning the blue devils in these springs. I am certain, that, in a medical point of view, there is not a spa or mineral water in England or Europe, whose virtues are half as efficacious as those of the Rotorua springs, affording as they do such a variety—chalybeate, sulphureous, saline and alkaline, and each of these of every shade of temperature, from the cold to the steam or vapour bath.

Simmonds's Colonial Magazine.



## PUNCH'S CHARGE TO JURIES.

*Gentlemen of the Jury.*—You are sworn in all cases to decide according to the evidence; at the same time, if you have any doubt, you are bound to give the prisoner the benefit of it. Suppose you have to pronounce on the guilt or innocence of a gentleman accused of felony. You will naturally doubt whether any gentleman would commit such offences; accordingly, however strong may be the testimony against him, you will, perhaps, acquit him. The evidence of your own senses is, at least, as credible as that of the witnesses; if, therefore, your eyesight convinces you that the prisoner is a well-dressed person, you have a right to presume his respectability; and it is for you to say whether a respectable person would be likely to be guilty of the crimes imputed to him. In like manner, when you see a shabby-looking fellow in the dock, charged, for example, with sheep-stealing, the decision rests with you, first, whether or not that individual is a ragamuffin, and, secondly, how far it is probable that a man of that description would steal sheep. Of course, as has been before said, you will always be guided by the evidence; but then, whether the evidence is trustworthy or not is a matter for your private consideration. You may believe it if you choose, or you may disbelieve it; and whether, gentlemen of the jury, you will believe it or disbelieve it, will depend on the constitution of your minds. If your minds are so constituted that you wish to find the prisoner guilty, perhaps you will believe it; if they happen to be so constituted that you desire to find him not guilty,—why then, very likely, you will disbelieve it. You are to free your minds from all passion and prejudice, if you can, and, in that case, your judgment will be unbiassed; but if you cannot, you will return a verdict accordingly. It is not, strictly speaking, for you to consider what will be the effect of your verdict; but if such a consideration should occur to you, and you cannot help attending to it, that verdict will be influenced by it to a certain extent. You are probably aware, that when you retire, you will be locked up till you contrive to agree. You may arrive at unanimity by fair discussion, or by some of you starving out the others, or by tossing up; and your conclusion, by whichever of these processes arrived at, will be more or less in accordance with your oaths. Your verdict may be right; it is to be hoped it will; it may be wrong; it is to be hoped it will not. At all events, gentlemen of the jury, you will come to some conclusion or other; unless it should so happen that you separate without coming to any.

## HINTS TO VISITING AND RELIEF SOCIETIES.

Having entered a poor person's dwelling, behave as if it were your own. Do not wait to be asked to sit down. If you are a gentleman keep your hat on.

Address the male occupant of the house as "My Good Man," and his wife as "My Good Woman;" or if you find it necessary to assert your dignity, omit the "Good" altogether. Say "Boy," and "Girl," to the children, as the case may be. Your first object is, to impress the visited with a due sense of their distance from yourself. For this reason, if they remain standing in your presence, never suggest that they should sit.

Inquire in the most direct and unceremonious way possible, what their rent is—how they are employed—what amount they earn—and in what manner they spend it? Insist on knowing exactly how much they give for coals; what quantity they burn; and what becomes of the cinders? Find out their exact consumption of potatoes; and whether they are economical in paring them. Interrogate them with similar minuteness with respect to meat, bread, cheese, butter, tea, coffee, vinegar and pepper. Ask if their sugar is sixpenny or sevenpenny! Whether any of them take tobacco or snuff; and especially, if they ever indulge in beer or spirituous liquors. Reprehend, sternly, the slightest excess or waste that you may detect in any of the above respects; and if the expenditure has not been limited to the merest necessities, lecture them on it well.

Ask when they go to bed; at what time they get up; and what hour they breakfast, dine, and sup? Request to be allowed to look into their drawers and cupboards, to see what there is in them. Smell every bottle you find. Take notes of every pot, pan, kettle, cup, saucer, phial, and gallipot, in the house. Demand to know what articles of apparel or furniture they have in pawn, and to see the duplicate for each. Make them tell you what they do with their rags; and how they are situated in regard to soap. Insist on being minutely informed how each of the family spends every portion of his or her time; and animadvert strongly on any application thereof to rest or recreation.

Having read the whole round of them a severe homily on any imprudence or mismanagement of their household affairs that you may have elicited, give them, provided they appear sufficiently abashed, a ticket for sixpennyworth of relief, accompanied by a penny tract. Let your gift be made with an air of lofty condescension; retire majestically, and go home to your three courses and dessert.

Punch.

**ADULTERATION OF GREEN TEA.**—The following facts relative to the adulteration of this indispensable article of consumption, cannot be too widely promulgated. They are taken from a paper entitled "Observations on the Green Teas of Commerce, by R. Warrington, Esq." published in a late number of the Chemical Gazette:—On submitting a sample of green tea, supposed to be spurious, and which had been seized by the excise, to microscopic investigation, the author found that the variation of tints which had led him to this mode of examination was dependent on adventitious substances mechanically attached or dusted on the surface of the curled leaves. The principal part of this powder was of a white colour, interspersed with particles of an orange and of a bright blue. From the abraded dust of this sample, obtained by agitation, some of the latter were separated, and proved on examination to be Prussian-blue; the orange portion was apparently some vegetable colour; and the white and principal part was found to contain silica, alumina, a little lime and magnesia, and was probably kaolin or powdered agalmatolite, more particularly from the rubbed and prominent parts of the tea assuming a polished appearance. A great variety of other samples of teas were submitted to examination; but in all cases they were found to be faced with various substances, to give them the bloom and colour which is so distinct a characteristic of the green teas of commerce. The unglazed varieties appear to have had no blueing material applied. Very high qualities of glazed teas have this facing apparently tinted of a uniform pale blue before application; while others, still of high quality, and embracing the great part of the samples examined, have both the white and blue particles very distinct, the latter varying in its quantity; in the low qualities, as Twankay, being pretty thickly powdered. When this facing was removed, the tea was found to be of a black colour, but without the corrugated aspect presented by black teas ordinarily, and which evidently arises from the higher temperature to which they are subjected during the process of curing or drying. The substances separated from these green teas were sulphate of lime, a ma-

terial analogous to kaolin, and Prussian-blue, together with some yellow vegetable colouring body. It is evident that the whole of these teas come to this country in a dressed or adulterated state, a conclusion which is satisfactorily confirmed by the opinions and observations of individuals long resident in China.

**ROMAN PIG-KILLING.**—As you enter Rome at the Porta del Popolo, a little on your right, is the great slaughter-house, with a fine stream of water running through it. It is probably inferior to none in Italy for an extensive plan, and for judicious arrangements. Here some seven or eight hundred pigs are killed on every Friday during the winter season. Nothing can exceed the dexterity with which they are despatched. About thirty of these large and fat black pigs are driven into a commodious pen, followed by three or four men, each with a sharp skewer in his hand, bent at one end, in order that it may be used with advantage. On entering the pen, these performers, who put you vastly in mind of assassins, make a rush at the hogs, each seizing one by the leg, amid a general yell of horror on the part of the victims. Whilst the hog and man are struggling on the ground, the latter, with the rapidity of thought, pushes his skewer betwixt the fore leg and the body, quite into the heart, and there gives it a turn or two. The pig can rise no more, but screams for a minute or so, and then expires. This process is continued till they are all despatched; the brutes sometimes rolling over the butchers, and sometimes the butchers over the brutes, with a yelling enough to stun one's ears. In the meantime, the screams become fainter and fainter, and then all is silence on the death of the last pig. A cart is in attendance; the carcasses are lifted into it, and it proceeds through the street, leaving one or more dead hogs at the doors of the pork-shops. No blood appears outwardly, nor is the internal hemorrhage prejudicial to the meat; for Rome cannot be surpassed in the flavour of her bacon, or the soundness of her hams.

Autobiography of Chas. Waterton, Esq.

## SCENES IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1830. THE STREETS.

On the evening of the 27th, a man, name unknown, appeared on the Quai d'Ecole, and paraded the banks of the river with the tri-colored flag, which had been folded up and hidden away for fifteen years. The symbol was adopted by the people. The revolution had commenced.

Then followed all those strange scenes of levity and blood, buffoonery and heroism, which the history of Parisian revolutions has familiarized to the imagination, but which, nevertheless, have an inexhaustible interest. The people arm themselves wheresoever and howsoever they can. One brings into the Place de la Bourse two large hampers, full of muskets and accoutrements. They come from the Théâtre du Vaudeville, where a piece had been played, a few days before, which required that a number of actors should be armed. To command men thus equipped there were extemporary generals, whose epaulettes were obtained from the wardrobe of the Opera Comique. The students were, as usual, on the alert to practice whatever they had learned of military science; the younger sort entering into the war with the same spirit that other schoolboys partake of any minor mischief that is going forward. A student of the Polytechnic is standing on the left bank of the river; he has a musket, but no ammunition. A fellow-student, a lad of fifteen, has a pocket of cartridges, but no musket: "You shall share them," said he, showing his treasure, "if you will lend me the gun to shoot my half." A party of the royal guard were coming over the bridge. He started with the gun to have his shots. He was swept off with others by the fire of the military.

## THE PALACE.

We have here a vivid description of the taking of the Tuileries by the populace. Some amused themselves by mutilating the statues of kings, or by firing at the portraits of such of the marshals as they considered to have been guilty of treason to Napoleon. A number of artisans installed themselves in the chamber of the throne; they sat, each in his turn, upon the royal seat, afterwards they placed a corpse in it. Some of them drew, over shirts stained with blood, the court-dresses which had circled the waist of royal princesses, and strutted about in this masquerade. Riot and destruction as much as you please, but no theft—such was the order of the day. A young man was bearing off a hat, decorated with plumes of a costly description. "Where are you going," cried his companions, "with that hat?" "It is only a souvenir," said he of the hat. "Ha! good; but in that case the value is nothing." So saying, they took the hat and trampled it under their feet, and then returned it to him, doubly valuable as a souvenir. Many striking traits of honesty were exhibited. One man brought a vase of silver to the prefect of police, and did not even leave his name. Another found a bag of three thousand francs in the Louvre, and hastened with the money to the Commune. The next day he was probably amongst the number of those who were wandering about Paris without bread and without work, driven out of employment by the commercial panic of their own glorious revolution.

## THE KING OF THE PEOPLE'S MAKING.

Already, at the first outbreak of the revolution, some one had remarked—"here were a good game for the Duke of Orleans, if he has the courage to play it." Courage he had, but equal caution it seems, equal prudence. A deputation had proceeded from the house of Lafitte to Neuilly, the residence of the Duke, to invite him to the throne; but it was the Duchess who received them. The Duke himself had taken refuge in Raincy. To Raincy messengers were sent. The Duke of Orleans ordered his carriage. Those who were waiting his arrival at Neuilly heard the wheels approach—heard them suddenly recede. The carriage had turned, and was regaining Raincy with all the speed possible. The resolution was not quite taken, or the pear was not quite ripe.

His entry into Paris, according to M. Blanc, was made on foot in the evening, and he clambered like a common citizen over the barricades. Arrived at the Palais Royal, he sent to notify his presence to Lafitte and Lafayette—representatives, the one of the Chamber, and the other of the Hotel de Ville—and also to the Duke de Mortemart, minister of Charles X. The interview with this last took place the same evening, and had for its apparent object to proclaim, in the presence of the minister, his attachment and unalterable fidelity to the elder branch of the Bourbons. When De Mortemart arrived, he was ushered into a little cabinet on the right, which looks upon the court, not ordinarily used as an apartment of the family.

The Duke of Orleans was stretched upon the floor, lying on a mattress, in his shirt. His forehead was bathed in sweat; the glare of his eyes, and every thing about him, betrayed great fatigue, and a singular state of excitement. On seeing the Duke de Mortemart enter, he began to speak with great rapidity. He expressed himself with much volubility and ardor, proclaiming his attachment to the elder branch, and protesting that he came to Paris only to save the town from anarchy. At this moment a great noise was heard in the



court, and the cry was raised of *Vive le Duc d'Orleans!* "You hear that cry," said the minister; "it is you the people call for." "No, no," answered the Duke with increasing energy. "They shall kill me before I accept the crown." M. Louis Blanc's History of Ten Years.

### Foreign Summary.

**PASSAGE OF THE INDIAN MAIL THROUGH FRANCE.**—The following is an example of the rapidity with which the French carriage which conveys the English and French despatches from Calais to Marseilles now performs the journey. The Indian mail which left London on the 7th of August arrived at Calais at two and three quarter minutes past eight on the morning of the 8th. Having left that town at ten minutes past nine o'clock, it arrived at Paris at thirty minutes past one in the morning. Having left Paris at forty minutes past two o'clock, it arrived at Marseilles on the 11th August at thirty minutes past four in the morning, having accomplished the distance from Calais to Marseilles within the space of sixty-seven hours twenty minutes. The carriage contained 50 iron chests of a foot square, in which were enclosed the English despatches, and 16 wooden cases of various dimensions containing the French despatches. The moment they arrived at Marseilles they were conveyed on board an English steam boat, and in half an hour afterwards they were on their way to Malta, where a boat belonging to the Oriental Company was waiting to receive them. From Alexandria they proceeded to Suez, and thence across the Desert to India. Less than five weeks sufficed to effect the passage from London to Bombay. The same speed is observed on the return of the mail from India. Two couriers, one French and the other English, always accompany the carriage. Independent of these arrangements, the English government is about to conclude a contract with the Oriental Steam-boat Company, in order to have the India despatches conveyed from Alexandria to Southampton direct. By these means letters from India may be received in London every 15 days.

**A ROYAL TREASURE.**—The Emperor of Morocco has not quitted Mequinez, notwithstanding the gravity of circumstances; for that town contains his treasure, which is valued at 50,000,000*l.* ranged in earthen pots in the cellars of his palace, of which he alone has the key. When he is absent, one of his sons watches over this precious deposit. His sons being now with the army, and the emperor fearing that, if he were to absent himself, his treasure would be stolen, as that of his predecessor was, he remains near it, surrounded by his guard, which consists of about 6,000 men. *Moniteur Parisien.*

**A NEW MOTIVE POWER.**—The Paris papers mention that a first trial of M. Andrau's new locomotive power, by means of compressed air, was made, on Monday week, on the Versailles railroad (left bank), in the presence of Messrs Bineau and Baude, commissioners appointed by the government, of the engineers of the railroad, and a great number of spectators. Although the locomotive was charged upon the low-pressure system, because there was not a sufficient power to compress the air to a greater extent, the experiment perfectly succeeded. In expending two or three atmospheres, the locomotive ran a quarter of a league with great rapidity and regularity. The trial is to be repeated in the course of the next month.

**INDIAN RUBBER LIFE-BOAT.**—A life-boat is now being constructed, which is intended to be thirty-four feet length of keel, and twelve breadth of beam, which, with the exception of the keel and some iron braces, will be entirely formed of India rubber and cork planking. She will weigh but one ton and a half, an ordinary life boat weighing three tons; and it is the opinion of all naval men and engineers who have seen her, that it will be almost impossible to sink her under ordinary circumstances, and that, when driven on a rock by the action of the waves, she will rebound like a ball, without fracture. It is also proposed to use the caoutchouc preparation for an inner lining between the guns in war vessels, to prevent the effects of splinters; for hammock nettings and bulwarks, to save the crew from canister, grape, &c.; and for other useful though less obvious purposes. *Railway Gazette.*

A young lady is having made for Mr. O'Connell, a state chair (with a foot-stool to correspond), of which, says the *Dublin Evening Freeman*, "the rough design may be considered as borrowed from that in St. Edward's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, used on the occasion of the coronation of the English sovereigns; but which far excels its venerable prototype for massiveness, richness of decoration, and general execution."

Brigadier Geard has lately delivered the camp at Guelma, in Algeria, from a troublesome neighbour, viz. an enormous lion, which had carried off several oxen, even before the face of the Arabs. The brigadier went out with two spahis, and, creeping to within six yards of this formidable enemy fired and lodged a ball in the animal's head, and killed him. It measured nearly ten feet in length, and weighed upwards of 550 pounds. *Galignani.*

**EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.**—The railway train which left Liverpool at half-past eleven o'clock on Monday morning was attended in its course to Birmingham by one of the most providential escapes ever recorded. When the train approached within about five miles of Crewe, a piercing shriek from a lady passenger told of some sad catastrophe, and on stopping the train it was found that the door of a first-class carriage had opened, and a child of two years old had fallen out. The engineer decided to go to Crewe, thence an engine and carriage were sent back express to the scene of the accident, and, wonderful to relate, the agonized mother found her child uninjured. The express engine overtook the train at Birmingham, and she came on to town with the child so mercifully restored to her. *Standard.*

The Prussian government, in order to obviate, in future, accidents on the railroads, has constituted, at Berlin, a school for the special purpose of giving instruction in the art of conducting the locomotives. The number of pupils is fixed at 400. The annual payment to be made by each pupil is very moderate. The course of instruction is completed in one year.

The physicians for the royal household in China receive their salaries only putting the time that his celestial majesty continues in good health; and, as soon as he happens to be seized with any illness, the payment of salaries is suspended until his recovery. This appears to be a wiser plan than our own, by which the fees of the sons of Galen increase with the increase of the disorder. *Chinese Olio.*

The losses sustained by the Emperor of Morocco, since the commencement of hostilities with France, are estimated at 30,000,000 of francs; and this loss is every day increased by the cessation of commerce.

The Austrian police, to clear Vienna of the crowd of vagabonds and thieves which infested it, has just arrested 400 of them together, and has had them taken off at once to the galleys at Venice and Trieste.

The bookseller Campe, of Wurtemberg, has published the calculation, that a woman reading 16 hours a day, must live 963 years to peruse all the books on cookery issued in Germany.

**MANUFACTURE OF IRON.**—The application of electricity, to supersede several of the expensive processes in the manufacture of iron, has, it is stated, been tried in the Welsh and Derbyshire furnaces with satisfactory results. It appears that the costly fuel and labour required for the purification of the ore from sulphur, phosphorus, and subtle elements, create its high market value; and these, being all electro-negative, have induced the new process, whereby the impure stream of metal, after flowing from the blast, is in its moment of consolidation subjected to a powerful voltaic battery, which so disengages the impure components that in the process of puddling they are readily extracted. *Newcastle Advertiser.*

**LOUIS PHILIPPE AND LADY ALDBOROUGH.**—One of our Paris letters contains the following instance of gallantry on the part of his majesty the King of the French, for the truth of which the writer pledges himself:—"On Thursday or Friday last, Lady Aldborough (who, if any lady ever was old, comes into that category) wrote to King Louis Philippe, begging his majesty would have the kindness to inform her, was war imminent? The king delayed not a moment to reply to her ladyship, through his first aide-de-camp, that she might make her mind perfectly easy. No war between France and England was imminent, nor indeed likely." *Times.*

Louis Bonaparte, speaking of his late uncle Joseph, says, "Eighteen months ago, one of my friends, M. Moequart, having waited upon him at Florence, my uncle told him how much he regretted my captivity, and added—'Had Louis confided to me his projects, I would, notwithstanding my 75 years, have landed with him on the coast of Boulogne.'"

The King of Naples has appointed a commission of seven members, charged with a scientific exploring mission to the Isthmus of Panama, and the American coast in the Pacific.

A great improvement in the construction of window frames has lately been made, for the purpose of enabling servants to take them completely out for the purpose of cleaning, instead of incurring the danger of falling by standing or sitting outside.

**PRUSSIC ACID.**—The following letter from a correspondent of a daily contemporary contains an amusing illustration of the virtues of cold water, and corroborates the evidence of the medical gentlemen at the late trial of Mr. Belaney:—"Sir,—On reading that part of Dr. Leithby's evidence, in the late trial of Mr. Belaney, where, in answer to a question put to him, as to the proper remedy to be applied to a person who had taken prussic acid, he recommends 'dashing of water on the head or face,' I was forcibly reminded of an anecdote which occurred to an eminent chemist in this city (Bath), not long since. A strange dog had been in the habit of visiting his shop, and, by repeated barking, annoying his customers and himself. Upon one of these unwelcome intrusions, he desired his man to give the dog a dose of prussic acid, and chuck him into the Avon, which flowed hard by. It was done; and now the son of Esculapius was congratulating himself that he had given the dog his *quintus*; when, lo and behold! to his utter astonishment and amazement, next day Jowler makes his appearance as usual, nothing daunted and nothing worse; and, by an angry bark, seemed to hurl defiance at the abortive attempts of the druggist for his destruction; and thus to an accident may be attributed the important discovery, that cold water is an antidote to prussic acid. The dog had had a dose sufficient to carry off twenty dogs; but the dog had also a cold bath immediately afterwards, which recovered him from its effects."

**THE TRICK OF A DANDY.**—Mr. Walsh in one of his letters, relates on the authority of a lady, the following anecdote of a distinguished Parisian dandy. He was invited to be early at the Legitimist Civil List Ball, by a modish beauty, who promised him her hand for the first quadrille. A convivial meeting detained him at his apartment later than he expected. He found that he had scarcely time for his rendezvous: fifty or a hundred carriages might be already in file, and it was impossible to proceed on foot in a February splash. We see every day passing in the streets covered litters on which sick soldiers or the poor are borne by two or four men to the hospitals. The idea occurred to him, in his gallant despair, to send his valet for a *civière*, and this was speedily procured. He extended himself full dressed; the curtains were duly closed; and two stalwart porters carried the patient in his pumps; passed the whole line of carriages, the municipal guards and every one else respectfully giving way; and, when they entered the grand gates of the Casino to reach the distant vestibule, the cry rose that it was an unfortunate labourer who had fallen from the scaffolding erected in the neighbourhood for the preparation of certain decorations of the hall. Our beau sprang from his covert, and was safe in the throng in the ante-chamber before the police sentinels awoke from their astonishment.

**CARBONATE OF SODA IN THE PREPARATION OF COFFEE.**—M. Pleischel states from experience, that the infusion of roasted coffee acquires a far superior taste and is rendered more concentrated, consequently that a much larger amount of beverage can be prepared from the same quantity of coffee, by adding to the boiling water, just before pouring it over the coffee, 1 gr. of crystallized carbonate of soda for every cup, or 2 1-2 grs. for every half-ounce of coffee. *Gardener's Chronicle.*

**EQUITY.**—A gentleman travelling in a gig in the vicinity of London, on coming to a turnpike, stopped for a ticket, and while the gate keeper was procuring it, he threw the toll-money down on the road. The gate-keeper, with great coolness, took it up and placed the ticket upon the same spot, which the gentleman perceiving, and being anxious to proceed on his journey, requested him to give it up; but turning on his heels, he said, "No, sir, where I receive my money, there I always leaves my receipt," and left the gentleman to take it up himself.

**LORD BROUGHAM AND THE FRENCH PRESS.**—The *Almanach du Mois*, a monthly review, contains in its last number a laughable anecdote relating to Lord Brougham. "Some years since, the Noble Lord wrote a treatise, to prove that the Emperor Alexander had ever proved himself, by his conduct, to be a true pupil of La Harpe. It is generally known, that the Emperor Alexander had for a preceptor General La Harpe; but Lord Brougham, believing that it was La Harpe, the author, discovered a number of curious similarities between the master and his pretended pupil. The work having been concluded, Lord Brougham addressed a copy to M. Arago, and requested his opinion on it. 'It is a charming book,' replied M. Arago. 'There is unfortunately, however, one error; and that is, that the tutor of the Emperor Alexander was not La Harpe the writer, but La Harpe the general.' \* \* \* With that exception, I repeat," said M. Arago, "that your treatise is excellent."



## ANECDOTES OF LOUISA QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

"During one of her walks in the park near the palace at Potsdam, she saw a pale and emaciated man resting upon one of the seats; and as he was poorly dressed, the queen imagined that he was in distress, and therefore ordered her page to present him with four Frederic's dollars. He was, however, a respectable citizen of Potsdam, who had just recovered from a severe illness, and had come into the park to enjoy the fresh country air. He therefore declined the proffered gift with a proper feeling of independence. The queen, who had in the meantime pursued her walk, was no sooner informed of this than she turned back to reassure the old man, whom she fancied that she must have hurt. 'Pardon me,' said the queen; 'I did not wish to wound your feelings; but you must at least permit me to provide for your recovery by sending you every day such nourishment as your kitchen may perhaps not furnish. The king loves the good bourgeois of his own native city of Potsdam, and I join in this feeling with all my heart. The worthy master Van der Leeden rose up in grateful emotion before his benignant sovereign; and for many weeks did he daily receive supplies from the royal kitchen."

"On occasion of some splendid military fête, which was celebrated in the church at Potsdam, the king and queen attended in state; every seat had long been occupied, when a worthy and highly respectable lady, who was a member of the congregation, entered the church. Being unacquainted with its different localities, she, in her search for some vacant spot, suddenly found herself in the passage leading to the queen's closet. She opened the door, and, to her astonishment, beheld the royal party, who were already engaged in their devotions. She was about to withdraw, when one of the ladies kindly motioned her to remain; and with the natural humility of her character she silently took the most retired place. But she little suspected the storm which this was to draw down upon her. No sooner had the queen left the pew, than the master of the ceremonies went up to the poor woman, in virtue of his office, and censured her in the most vehement manner for presuming to force herself into the royal presence, and thus violate every law of decorum. The assurances that her offence had been unintentional were unavailing, even when she had stated the name and rank of her husband: she was treated as if she had been guilty of *lèse majesté*. She came to me," says Bishop Eylert, "in the deepest distress, but appeared most of all to be affected by the thought that she should have appeared to be wanting in due respect to the queen. While she was still speaking, Count von Brühl, the queen's chamberlain, entered with a message from her majesty requiring my immediate attendance. On reaching the audience-chamber the queen came up instantly, saying, 'I entreat you to tell me what has happened in your church. I have just learnt that a very worthy lady has been shamefully abused by my chamberlain. And for what reason?—would you credit it?—merely because she had entered my pew during divine service. Every body knows what the king and I think of court-etiquette; it may not be altogether dispensed with, but surely there ought to be some difference made when in the house of God. I cannot tell you how deeply I am grieved at this occurrence, although I am personally innocent. But I entreat you to settle this affair. Dine with us to-day on Peacock's Island, and let me hear that this worthy lady feels satisfied; to-morrow you must come again, and bring her with you; and tell her I shall be delighted to make her acquaintance."

"Wherever the king saw that remonstrances would be unavailing, he possessed a peculiarly happy manner of carrying his point by some sportive act. When he had made such a resolve he retained his wonted gravity; but there was always a singular play of the countenance, accompanied by a sarcastic smile. 'Well,' said the king one day to the Countess von Voss, the queen's first lady of the bedchamber, who was a stringent observer of etiquette,—"Well, I will conform; and to prove this to you, I will request you to announce me, and to demand whether I may have the honour of an audience of my consort, her royal highness the crown-princess: I am desirous of paying my respects to her, and I trust she will be graciously pleased to grant my wish." The lady of the bedchamber, who had often mourned the sad dereliction of court-etiquette, was overjoyed at this triumph of the good bygone customs. She hastened to prepare herself, in order to announce the desired audience—an intimation to which she flattered herself she should receive a gracious reply. Who, then, can paint her astonishment when, on entering the apartment to announce her royal lord, she found that he had anticipated her, and was actually walking arm-in-arm with the queen, then still princess! The king burst into a hearty laugh, exclaiming, 'You see, my dear Lady Voss, that my wife and I meet and converse together without being announced; this is what we wish and desire, and this according to all good Christian rules. But you are a charming lady of the bedchamber, and shall henceforth be called, 'Dame d'Etiquette'."

"On another occasion, when the customary ceremonials attendant on a gratulatory visit of the court to an allied court were under discussion, the lady of the bedchamber observed, that the departure to and from the palace must take place in one of the principal state-carriages, drawn by eight richly caparisoned horses, two coachmen, and three of the body-jäger, in their state-liveries. 'Well,' said the king, smiling, 'thus, then, you shall order it.' When this splendid equipage drove up the next day, the king, with gentle violence, lifted her ladyship into it, rapidly closed the door, and calling out 'On!' to the drivers, sprung hastily, with the queen, into his ordinary carriage, which was open, and drawn by a pair of horses only, and drove himself after his grand state-coach, amid the acclamations of the crowd."

The following is a somewhat novel but pleasing proof of the perfect understanding which subsisted between the royal pair:—

"It was the king's custom, after receiving presentations in the cabinet, to hasten, though but for a few moments, to the queen's apartments, to breakfast with her; his favourite refreshment being fresh-gathered fruit. He saw on entering a very pretty cap lying on her work-table. He gaily demanded its cost. 'Oh, it is by no means well,' replied the queen, sportively, 'when husbands require to know the price of their wives' millinery; they don't understand it, and then fancy every thing too dear.' 'But you may tell me how much this cap cost? I should like to know.' 'Well, I have chosen a cheap one—it cost only four dollars.' 'Only four dollars! terribly dear for such a thing!' And while standing at the window, continuing to amuse himself about its price, he perceived one of the guard of invalids crossing the court; he motioned him to enter. On coming into the apartment, the king said: 'The lady sitting on that sofa has a great deal of money; for what think you, old comrade, she has paid for the cap which is lying upon the table? But don't suffer yourself to be blinded by the fine rose-coloured ribbon.' The old veteran, who had but little experience in such affairs, shrugged his shoulders, and said, laconically, 'Well, it may have cost some groschen.' 'Do you hear that?' said the king; 'groschen, indeed! Four dollars did she pay for it! Go now and ask the fair lady to give you just as many.' Looking up with a smile at her husband, she instantly opened her purse, and placed four new dollar-pieces in the soldier's hand. 'But,' added she, playfully, 'look at that illustrious gentleman who is

standing in the window; he has a great deal more money than I; all that I have comes from him, and he gives willingly; go now to him, and make him give you double—eight dollars.' With a merry laugh, the queen turned to see how this demand would come off at the hands of the ever-ready king. On this occasion, however, there was somewhat of backwardness in his response. Shrugging his shoulders, yet laughing and wishing the veteran all happiness, the eight pieces were forthcoming. It was the man's good fortune to have beheld the happiest of husbands and wives; and on leaving the room he overheard their mirthful and gladsome laugh." Bishop Eylert.

## TREATMENT OF LUNATICS IN EGYPT.

The treatment of lunatics in the Maristan is, especially at this time, when the subject occupies so much public attention amongst ourselves, of considerable interest.

"Our ears were assailed by the most discordant yells as soon as we entered the passage leading to the cells. We were first conducted into the court appropriated to the men, one of our servants attending us with the provisions. It is surrounded by small cells, in which they are separately confined, and each cell has a small grated window, through which the poor prisoner's chain is fastened to the exterior. Here seemed exhibited every description of insanity. In many cells were those who suffered from melancholy madness; in one only I saw a cheerful maniac, and he was amusing some visitors exceedingly by his jocose remarks. Almost all stretched out their arms as far as they could reach, asking for bread, and one poor soul especially interested me by the melancholy tone of his supplication. Their outstretched arms rendered it frequently dangerous to pass their cells, for there is a railing in the midst of the court, surrounding an oblong space, which I imagine has been a tank, but which is now filled with stones; and this railing so confines the space appropriated to visitors, that one of our party was cautioned by the superintendent when she was not aware she was in arms' length of the lunatics. I trust that the mildness and gentleness of manner we observed in the keepers were not assumed for the time, and I think they were not, for the lunatics did not appear to fear them. The raving maniacs were strongly chained, and wearing each a collar and hand-cuffs. One poor creature endeavoured, by constantly shaking his chain, to attract pity and attention. They look unlike human beings, and the manner of their confinement, and the barren wretchedness of their cells, contributed to render the scene more like a menagerie than any thing else. It is true that this climate lessens the requirements of every grade in society, so that the poor generally sleep upon the bare ground, or upon thin mats; but it is perfectly barbarous to keep these wretched maniacs without any thing but the naked floor on which to rest themselves, weary, as they must be, by constant excitement. I turned sick at heart from these abodes of wretchedness, and was led towards the court of women. Little did I expect that scenes infinitely more sad awaited me. No man being permitted to enter the part of the building appropriated to the women, the person who had hitherto attended us gave the provision we had brought into the hand of the chief of the female keepers. The maniacs sit within the doors of open cells surrounding this court, and there is no appearance of their being confined. I shrunk as I passed the two first, expecting they would rush out; but being assured that they were chained, I proceeded to look into their cells, one by one. The first lunatic I remarked particularly was an old and apparently blind woman, who was an object of peculiar interest, from the expression of settled sadness in her countenance. Nothing seemed to move her. A screaming raving maniac was confined in a cell nearly opposite to hers; but either from habit, or the contemplation of her own real and imagined sorrows, the confusion seemed by her perfectly unheeded. The cell next to hers presented to my view a young girl, about sixteen or seventeen years of age, in a perfect state of nudity; she sat in a crouching attitude, in statue-like stillness, and in the gloom of her prison she looked like stone. The next poor creature was also young, but older than the preceding, and she merely raised her jet-black eyes and looked at us through her dishevelled hair, not wildly, but calmly and vacantly. She, too, had no article of clothing. I was ill prepared for the sight of such misery, and I hastily passed the poor squalid, emaciated, raving maniacs, all without covering, and was leaving the court, when I heard a voice exclaiming, in a melancholy tone of supplication, 'Stay, O my mistress, give me five paras for tobacco before you go.' I turned, and the entreaty was repeated by a nice-looking old woman, who was very grateful when I assured her she would have what she required. She was clothed, and sitting almost behind the entrance of her cell, and seemed on the lookout for presents. The woman who was the superintendent gave her the trifle for me, and I hope she was permitted to spend it as she desired. She and the first I saw were the only two who were not perfect pictures of misery."

"A maniac, having escaped from his cell in the Maristan, when the keepers had retired for the night, ascended the lofty *mâd'neh* of the adjoining sepulchral mosque, the tomb of Sultan Kala'oon. Finding there, in the gallery, a Muëddin, chanting one of the night-calls, uttering with the utmost power of his voice, the exclamation, 'Yâ Rabb!' (O Lord) he seized him by the neck. The terrified Muëddin cried out, 'I seek God's protection from the accursed devil! God is most great!' 'I am not a devil,' said the madman, 'to be destroyed by the words, God is most great!' (Here I should tell you that these words are commonly believed to have the effect here ascribed to them, that of destroying a devil.) 'Then what art thou?' said the Muëddin. 'I am a madman,' answered the other, 'escaped from the Maristan.' 'O welcome!' rejoined the Muëddin: 'praise be to God for thy safety! come, sit down, and amuse me with thy conversation.' So the madman thus began: 'Why do you call out so loud, O Lord? Do you not know that God can hear you as well if you speak low?' 'True,' said the other, 'but I call that men also may hear.' 'Sing,' rejoined the lunatic; 'that will please me.' And upon this, the other commenced a kind of chant, with the ridiculous nature of which he so astonished some servants of the Maristan, who, as usual, were sitting up in a coffee-shop below, that they suspected some strange event had happened, and hastily coming up, secured the madman." Miss Lane's "Englishwoman in Egypt."

A GOOD STORY.—Pray delight in the following story. Caroline Vernon, *fille d'honneur*, lost to other night two hundred pounds at faro, and bade Martindale mark it up. He said he would rather have a draft on her banker. "Oh! willingly;" and she gave him one. Next morning he hurried to Drummond's, lest all her money should be drawn out. "Sir," said the clerk, "would you receive the contents immediately?"—"Assuredly."—"Why, sir, have you read the note?" Martindale took it: it was, "Pay to the bearer two hundred pounds, well applied." The nymph tells the story herself; and yet I think the clerk had the more humour of the two. Horace Walpole's Letters.



\*Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 93-4 a 10 per cent prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1844.

The most important article of British intelligence communicated by the last mail was the reversal of the sentence against O'Connell and his brother traversers, and their immediate release. We are hardly sorry for the last, but feel deeply mortified at the wound which has been self-inflicted by a distinct branch of the Imperial legislature, when acting in its judicial capacity. The House of Lords, the highest and most solemn court of appeal, in the system of British judicature, has virtually confessed its negligence, and actually admitted its ignorance, with regard to this case, so interesting, so important to the stability of the British constitution. Something may be said in behalf of the candour, but little for the decency of a body of *noble judges*,—for such are all the members of the House of Lords on an occasion like that to which we now allude—when the great mass of them, instead of agreeing in private to hide their shame and *absent* themselves on the day of decision, should rise up in their places, proclaim their incapacity, and retire behind the woollack, which act virtually absents them, until the small number of five Law Lords dispose of the case. As Patriots it was their bounden and solemn duty to have been present during every part of the discussion on the appeal, to have given it the closest attention, to have weighed it with that judgment which their well-known excellent education and large experience would materially assist, and to have voted upon it fearlessly, conscientiously, and gravely. That some of those Noble Lords had heard the discussions but partially, and others not at all, were faults of omission in those Noble Lords, yet the reports published daily were so copious, and the conflicting opinions were so accessible that, in London at least, they could not fail to be fully cognisant of every particular. As for the mock delicacy with respect to their imperfectly understanding the nice points of the law, it is well known that lay lords, and lay members of the lower house also, adopt the doctrines of those with whom they usually coincide, unless some special internal convictions outweigh the authorities from without. This, therefore, was not sufficient reason for retiring from the vote. In conclusion we may remark that the House of Lords can, or *could*, attend closely to the minutiae of a solemn discussion; they can, or *could*, vote upon a division, although some were but partially cognisant of the proceedings personally; and we offer as proof of this the generally close attention of the Peers during the bill of pains and penalties against the late Queen Caroline, in which there was also voting after partial actual hearing.

The fact is that it is an unpardonable dereliction of duty on the part of the Lords to withdraw themselves as they have from assisting in the decision of this case, and they have thereby thrown a kind of slur upon the judgment of the learned judges, not members of the Upper house, but quite as competent to consider this matter justly as any law lord of the five. They have also given rise to such a suggestion as that mooted in a late number of the London Spectator, to which we have given insertion in this day's journal, and have greatly damaged that weight and authority which has been hitherto implicitly acknowledged as appertaining to the House of Lords.

As to the merits of the sentence, apart from all the quibbling on technicalities, we think that no reasonable man can have a doubt upon them. The sentence was a righteous one, the guilt was abundantly proved, and, although Mr. O'Connell and his followers will doubtless make a show of perseverance, we have no expectation that the Repeal question will become again so prominent and obtrusive as it has been. The Agitator knows the truth of all the matter better than anybody else, and his future action on the subject will be the best exponent of the past. Let us look steadily and patiently to that, and our life for it, the mists will disappear.

Some pains have been taken by the ministerial prints to make it appear that Lord Stanley, eldest son of the Earl of Derby, is called to the peerage in order that his talents as a debater may be called into more effective exercise in the Upper house, where the present government have need of them. We suspect the correctness of this view of his elevation, and incline to the belief that silence, not speech, is the object desired. His Lordship has spoken too much in the Commons and is probably one of those *friends* to his party from whom a prudent man would pray "to be saved." In either point of view, we do not see much importance in the move, nor does it sit with a very good grace upon the government to exalt the eldest son of a Peer to a house into which he must by the law of succession ultimately move should he survive his noble father, and that exaltation too without any special or striking reasons to back it.

It is a wise conclusion that the Queen visits Scotland rather than Ireland just at the juncture of the O'Connell release, but it is sincerely to be hoped that her Majesty will become a guest in "Green Erin" early next summer, when the numerous amiabilities and general popularity which attach to her royal character will go far to wash out the troublesome circumstances which have occurred, and make her in every sense what she truly is, "The Queen of the United Kingdom," and reigning in the hearts of those who have been prevented from knowing her rightly.

### BRITISH POWER IN INDIA.—No. II.

Up to the period at which we left off, Commerce was an Art, not a Science; it was merely trade, not a political principle. Up to that time there was no such thing as a Trading Factory possessed by a Commercial nation in a distant land. The Emporia of trade, such as they were, were established and possessed by the natives of the soil, and were gradually enlarged in proportion to the extent

and variety of demand on the part of the foreign traders, and became the means of accelerating the completion of purchases and sales, an accommodation of no small importance to both parties. The consideration of territorial possession was therefore, quite out of the question, the supply or interchange of commodity at the most convenient marts of trade was the ultimatum of the views on either side.

It is to the introduction of the Trading Factory system that we are to look, for the great revolution which took place in India, and for the great changes which have taken place in both political and commercial power there, on the part of European nations. And it will be well to keep this point always in view, as the radix or centre from which all other matters concerning British India have radiated or ramified. The privilege granted, of establishing a Factory, does indeed stand at the root of all the modern history of India, and of British power there, and all that we have yet to say must finally have reference to that grand point of consideration.

At the close of the fifteenth century the magnificent undertaking of Columbus was consummated, which added so largely to the wealth and territory of Spain; and His Holiness the Pope, in the plenitude of his *quasi* power and infallibility, gave to that Kingdom, in perpetuity, all that should be discovered west of the Atlantic; soon afterwards Vasco de Gama, succeeding where Bartholomew Diaz had failed, turned the "Cape of Storms" into the "Cape of Good Hope," and effected the passage to India by sea. Again the power and infallible wisdom of the papacy interfered, the Holy father liberally giving to Portugal all that should be discovered in the Eastern direction. Thus the two Kingdoms of the European peninsula were to enjoy indefinitely large territories yet to be discovered, and it does not appear to have entered the sagacious head of the giver that extremes might meet, and the East and the West exchange their descriptions according to the route taken by the adventurous explorer. And for a great length of time they *did* enjoy those exclusive privileges, for the papal power was yet so influential that none ventured to dispute its dicta, at least in a matter so far from home, and which would require so many qualifications in those who might desire to contend against the monopoly.

So the Portuguese were not long in acquiring to themselves the whole or far greater part of the India trade, and the Republics of the Mediterranean gradually decayed when their Eastern Commerce thereby fell away into a comparatively small extent. Portugal was not long in establishing a large influence on the western coasts of India, for her enterprising spirit was in strong contrast to the feeble nature of the Hindoos; she quickly established *Factories* there, by permission of the Hindoo princes of course, and it was not long before her power was felt by the natives to their confusion and dismay, for they found that they had admitted a "King Stork" instead of a "King Log" among them, whom they could not drive forth on account of their own continued affrays among themselves, and who would not rest satisfied with the little which had been accorded freely, but went forward in the spirit of rapacity to self aggrandisement, and in that of bigotry to enforce conversion to the Christian faith; thus rendering also the latter a cloak to the former.

But the successful adventures of Columbus, De Gama, and their immediate followers had stirred up in all Europe the desire to participate in the wealth and magnificent prospects which Spain and Portugal yet held to themselves. Being desirous, however, not to interfere with those two countries and their immunities they sought out new courses of direction. England sent the Cabots to the westward, and attempts were made to navigate the Arctic seas in order, as it was hoped, to find a passage to India without trenching upon the rights of Portugal. This last was called the "North East passage," but it never succeeded. In fact, as we may here say, by the way, the North East passage has not been made, up to the present, though the Russian Admiral, Wrangel, has recently made extensive and interesting explorations with respect to that navigation, which may yet be farther extended, and certainly may be turned to great advantage to the Russian Government, though it may be doubted whether the voyage may ever be made substantially useful to their Commerce with China.

It was not until the doctrines of the Reformation had made very considerable progress in Europe, that people—or we should rather say nations—began to look with contempt upon the donations of the papacy, and with indignation upon the exclusive privileges asserted by Spain and Portugal. Cupidity also had probably its full share in instigating to the competition for a share in the rich spoils which Indian enterprise presented to the view, and from which people believed that they had abstained too long.

The Factories and Settlements of the Portuguese in India were chiefly on the southwestern coast of that Peninsula, and on the Islands of the Indian Archipelago, and in those parts they soon made themselves feared for their power and hated for their cruelty. But their preponderance in India was not destined to last long, though the mischief began at home. One of the earliest seats of the Reformed religion was the Netherlands, although then under the actual sway of Philip II. of Spain, one of the most bigoted and cruel of mankind, unless we except the infuriate minister of his despotism, the Duke of Alva. We need not more than allude to the circumstances which induced the Dutch to throw off the Spanish yoke, and assume political independence; soon after they had done this, and gained some breathing time, one of their earliest determinations was at once to cross their late oppressor and to aggrandise themselves. Now it happened that at this very juncture the throne of Portugal having become vacant, Philip asserted his claim to it, was then ruling as King of Spain and Portugal, and was insisting on the exclusive privileges which had been granted by the Roman See, and which had been hitherto held unmolested. The Dutch, therefore, who no longer cared for Papal authority, nor believed in Papal right to confer such exclusive privileges, projected an expedition to India, to force a share in that lucrative trade, and otherwise to act as circumstan-



ces should dictate. The hostilities carried on in that region between the Portuguese and the Dutch were fierce, bloody, and vindictive, but the latter succeeded step by step in driving the former from their most coveted possessions in the Spice islands, some of their stations on the coast of India itself were taken by the English, and thus in the space of about 140 years from the arrival of Vasco de Gama, the Portuguese were gradually stripped of the greater part of their acquisitions in that quarter, and became humiliated and helpless to struggle, whilst the Dutch in their turn became highly influential. The power of the latter, however, was confined to the Islands, as the Moluccas, Malacca, &c., and they seldom interfered with matters connected with India itself.

Nearly contemporary with Dutch enterprise in the East was the commencement of English expeditions having similar objects. Besides sending exploratory navigators to find North East and North West passages to India, the English sent several parties to enquire and to examine into the overland or partially maritime routes between England and India; and the histories of these periods will shew that they most sedulously avoided to come into collision with any established settlements, modes, or claims, in the conduct of the Indian Commerce with Europe. For a century after they commenced immediate intercourse with India they confined their operations entirely to trade, or to self defence; the jealousies of the Portuguese and the Dutch, of the English appearance in the East, led those people to throw obstacles in the way of English trade and connexion; they were guilty in many important instances of violence and injustice in order to drive the islanders away, or at least to prevent their communication with the native authorities. All their attempts, however, were vain, and ended only in their own discomfiture and the gaining of settlements by the English where originally these had never entertained a thought of possession or interference. In process of time also the English were enabled to have their own Factories for warehousing and trading purposes, though, as compared with the other two powers, of very limited magnitude and extent. One of the most remarkable means of Anglo Indian enlargement, and which may be considered as the actual beginnings of English power in India, was of a scientific nature. The Europeans and particularly the English had obtained a high character in that region for their skill in medicine and surgery, and their aid was frequently requested in cases which baffled the native professors. Such aid was always liberally remunerated even by individuals who had received its benefit; but two remarkable instances of medical skill, by Mr. Boughton in 1651, and by Mr. Hamilton in 1715, in which the physicians were permitted to name their reward, placed the English upon a territorial footing, and obtained for them, besides, considerable commercial privileges and immunities. It is true that through the faithlessness of subordinate authorities this led the English into hostilities with the natives, yet it was not the less the commencement of English power there. The English East India Company also purchased positions on the coast, but all these were for merely commercial purposes and advantages; and it was not until the English Agents in India had written repeatedly home, stating that the Portuguese and particularly the Dutch were each endeavouring to strengthen their political power and dominion, which, if successful, would lead to the entire expulsion of the English from the Indian trade as well as to despoiling the English of their lawful possessions, that any serious thought was entertained of enlarging the Anglo Indian dominion. We may observe en passant that Bombay was early the property of the East India Company, having been given to them by Charles II., who had received it as part of the dower of his Queen, by marriage treaty.

It is to the French, however, that we must more immediately attribute the development of those English qualities which have led to British greatness in India. To the French who, perhaps as early by sea to India as any of the nations, except the Portuguese, had nevertheless effected little there, and had all but given up the struggle against the commerce of other people in the East. These considerations run into some intricacy, and, therefore, we shall not commence them near the close of our present article.

\*. \* We ask attention to the advertisement of Mr. W. H. Crisp, in our advertising columns of to-day. This gentleman besides being an accomplished Comedian is also well skilled in the elegant art of Fencing, in which he has given lessons at the British University. It is a fine exercise, and as such, well deserving of encouragement.

That well-known and excellent musical artist, Mr. J. A. Kyle, advertises that he purposes giving instruction on the Flute and Pianoforte, and in the art of accompanying either voice or instrument. We believe him well capable to do these things, and can cordially recommend him to patronage. See his Advertisement.

### Cricketer's Chronicle.

In our last we had to report the beginning of a series of triumphs achieved by the Union Club of Philadelphia, being a signal defeat of the Union Star Club of Brooklyn, and the commencement of an apparently prosperous inning against an Eleven of the St. George's Cricket Club of New York. This last-named Match turned out in so disastrous a manner to the St. George's party, that we may as well give here a summary account of the whole contest, instead of resuming where we left off in our previous number.

#### RETURN MATCH, BETWEEN THE FIRST ELEVEN OF THE ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB OF NEW YORK AND THE FIRST ELEVEN OF THE UNION CRICKET CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

This Return Match was played on the ground of the last-named Club, at Camden, and was commenced on Thursday the 3d inst., at half-past one, being about an hour after the termination of the Match with Brooklyn. The Philadelphia party were precisely the same men who had played in the Match at New York, but the St. George's party was a greatly altered and reduced one in point of skill. Messrs. Tinson, Dodworth, Syme, and Green, all of whom are considered as among the best if not the best of the St. George's Club, both as batsmen and as general Cricketers, were absent on this occasion, and their places were supplied by Messrs. Vinten, Skippon, and Nichols of the Second Eleven, and Mr. Fielder who had not played in the Matches at all. In addition to this, Mr. Wright, who is by all considered as A 1 of the St. George's Club, had been severely injured a few days before, in his right arm and shoulder, and, though he came on the ground to do his best, he was utterly unable either to bowl or to throw a ball in; and his hitting was completely at random, through his inability to guide his bat, in consequence of the state of his right arm. The Philadelphians went in, against the bowling of Groom and Wheatcroft, the latter of whom, though an excellent Cricketer, is not by any means formidable as a bowler, but in the present condition of the party there was actually not a choice. The play went on as we have formerly described, and we now continue to say that Turner went scoring on at a tremendous rate; but now an accident occurred that altogether benighted the hopes of the St. George's men. Groom received a blow on his ankle, from the ball, which prostrated him, and wounded him so severely that he was obliged to retire from the ground, and Wild took his place as bowler. At this time the Philadelphia score was 84, with 4 wickets down. In a little time, however, Groom returned, Wild in the meantime having taken Barrett's wicket; and Groom with evident pain and difficulty managed to bowl till sunset, at which period, the score of the Philadelphians was 167, with 7 wickets down. Turner's score at this time was 78, and he and Sutcliff held their bats for the next morning's continuation.

Play was commenced on Friday morning at 11 o'clock, under worse auspices than ever to the St. George's party, for, in the first place, Groom was so completely hors de combat that he could not take his stand in the field at all, consequently Platt went in to field for him, but his bat was a lost one in the subsequent innings. To make the matter worse, Bristow was compelled to leave the field at 11:45, having onerous duties to perform in New York, and though Mr. Waller became his substitute in the field, his bat also was lost in the subsequent innings; a sad defalcation all this, but there was no help for it, except patience and hope. The Philadelphia champion, Turner, went on, mowing away; he made his score up to the immense one of 120 runs, and it began to be believed that no one could get him out at all; but at length a change of bowlers produced his quietus, young Fielder gave him a ball of a fine length delivery, it rose and touched the champion's side, and dropped upon his wicket. In three minutes more the inning was concluded, amounting to 228 runs.

Turner's number of runs is perhaps the greatest that has been made on this continent; but, although it was worthy of high praise and admiration, we must add that it was not against first-rate bowling, and that during its progress he had no fewer than 5 or 6 lives, for the fielding of the St. George's party was truly indifferent, various catches were missed, and balls passed by which ought to have changed the current of the game. We believe that they played under a sense of depression and consciousness of inferior strength, increased doubtless by the calamities which accumulated upon their party.

The St. George's men went in at 12:45, though having only 8 wickets to go down. The bowlers now were Dudson and Bradshaw, both of them are round bowlers, and constantly plant their balls at accurate length, so that it is hard to get a long run off them. Wright and Wheatcroft commenced, and were doing exceedingly well, when unfortunately they ran for a two, which was a very bare one, with hesitation. The fate of one was inevitable, as Barrett, the wicket keeper, was a man of extraordinary reach, and as active as a cat. Wheatcroft seeing that one must fall, preferred to be the victim, and to keep Wright at the bat; he was therefore run out after making a score of 5, and whilst he was batting beautifully. The fate of Wright's inning was a critical one; his ball rose gently after the hit, was touched by Turner, the wicket keeper, and afterwards caught by Sutcliff at the leg before it reached the ground. Wright had then made 15 runs, notwithstanding the painful condition of his arm. The only other long score of the party was that of Wild who made in all 16 off his bat, but his last hit rose the ball high, and it fell easily into the hands of R. Ticknor at the cover point. The eight wickets finally were put down for 58 runs.

There being now a deficiency of 170 runs, it became the duty of the St. George's men to commence their second inning, but it being evident that under the circumstances it was impossible to proceed with any hope of success, they acknowledged themselves vanquished, and gave up the game. The umpires were Mr. Rouse for the St. George's Club, and Mr. Sill for the Union Club of Philadelphia; the markers were Mr. Kenworthy of Philadelphia, and Mr. A. D. Paterson of New York. The following is the score of the game, so far as it proceeded:—

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UNION CLUB.		ST. GEORGE'S CLUB.	
R. Ticknor, b. by Groom.....	3	Wright, c. Sutcliff, b. Dudson....	15
R. Waller, b. by Wheatcroft.....	20	Wheatcroft, run out.....	5
Turner, b. by Fielder.....	120	Nichols, b. by Bradshaw.....	4
Dudson, b. by Groom.....	3	Bage, c. J. Ticknor, b. Dudson....	0
Bradshaw, c. Wright, b. Wright.	8	Wild, c. R. Ticknor, b. Dudson....	16
Barrett, b. by Wild.....	14	Smith, b. by Dudson.....	0
J. Ticknor, b. by Wheatcroft.....	22	Skippon, b. by Dudson.....	0
Facon, c. Wild, b. Groom.....	1	J. Fielder, not out.....	5
Sutcliff, b. by Wild.....	10	Vinten, c. P. Ticknor, b. Bradshaw	0
P. Ticknor, b. by Fielder.....	7	Groom.....	
Richardson, not out.....	1	Bristow.....	
Byes.....	12	Byes.....	8
Wide Balls.....	7	Wide Balls.....	5
Total.....	228	Total.....	58



# RETURN MATCH BETWEEN THE SECOND ELEVEN OF THE ST. GEORGE'S CLUB OF NEW YORK, AND THE UNION CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

We regret that we have to report more discomfiture to the former of these clubs, and more laurels obtained by the latter. In this case, however, there is a considerable change of persons on both sides, decidedly for the worse on the part of the St. George's, and as decidedly for the better on that of the Philadelphians. Four of the St. George's who played in the first match did not come on to play the return match; viz. Messrs. Brand, Marsh, Winterbottom, and Downing, whose places were supplied by Messrs. Smith, Fielder, Heather, and Bamforth. On the other hand five of the Philadelphians who played in the first match were withdrawn from this, viz. Messrs. Sutcliffe, Richardson, Wilson, Anson, and E. Turner; and in their places have come Messrs. Moon, Sill, Jackson, Knight, and Broadbent. At a quarter before 5 on Friday afternoon, 4th inst. the play began, the St. George's men going in, against the bowling of Sill and J. Nichols, two of the best underhand bowlers we have seen on this side the Atlantic; Sill in particular being swift, steady, full pitch, and deadly straight to the wicket. Vinten and Smith first assumed the bats, the former of whom maintained his ground until he was the 9th wicket down, yet he made but 9 runs in the time. It would be idle to go into details upon this unfortunate innings; suffice that the last five wickets went down in as many successive balls, the whole inning being completed in less than one hour, for 20 runs.

On Saturday morning play was resumed at 10.30, the Philadelphians going in, against the bowling of Smith and Fielder, and, for a short time, of Nichols. Moon and Blackburne began the batting: The former is somewhat of the Turner school, careful and cool. In fact he never strikes, but either blocks or tips his balls, and is almost always certain to be long in. On this occasion he was the 7th wicket down, and he quietly made his 19 runs. Blackburne was the first put out; he was frequently bruised, but stood to his bat though greatly in pain. He made 9 runs very cleverly. The next highest score to that of Moon's was Jackson's, a hard, slashing hitter and fast runner. He quickly made 15 runs, including a four, and two threes, but Smith at length found his stumps. This entire inning was finished in an hour and a half, for 57 runs, and it ought to have been considerably less than that number, but the St. George's men certainly fielded shamefully ill.

The game however looked up a little for the St. George's party, who began their second innings with considerable vigour and success. But this did not last long, the active and accurate Sill poured in his broadsides, and the inning was completed in an hour and a quarter, for only 40 runs; thus carrying the St. George's score in both innings to 3 over the single one of the Philadelphians. Messrs. Moon and Broadbent then went in, made 4 runs to complete the winning on the part of the Union Club, and left off with every wicket to go down.

Thus has the Union Club of Philadelphia been completely the victor over all the parties playing Return matches on their ground, and evinced that its members can stand distinguished in the annals of American Cricketing. The following is the score of the game:

## ST. GEORGE'S CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Vinten, b. by J. Nichols.....	9	b. by Sill.....	4
Smith, b. by J. Nichols.....	0	b. by J. Nichols.....	7
Fielder, b. by Sill.....	3	c. R. Waller (for Blackburne) b. Sill	5
S. Nichols, b. by Sill.....	2	c. Moon, b. Sill.....	1
J. Buckley, leg before wicket.....	2	b. by Sill.....	1
Platt, b. by J. Nichols.....	2	b. by Sill.....	1
Skippon, b. by Sill.....	1	b. by Sill.....	3
S. Shaw, b. by Sill.....	0	b. by J. Nichols.....	2
A. Waller, b. by Sill.....	0	not out.....	1
Bamforth, not out.....	0	b. by Sill.....	9
Heather, c. Lewis, b. J. Nichols.....	0	c. Lewis, b. Sill.....	3
Byes.....	1	Byes.....	3
Total.....	20	No Balls.....	1
		Total.....	40

## UNION CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Moon, b. by Fielder.....	19	not out.....	2
Blackburne, b. by Smith.....	9		
Sanderson, b. by Smith.....	1		
Lewis, b. by Nichols.....	1		
J. Nichols, b. by Smith.....	0		
Sill, b. by Smith.....	4		
Hawthorne, b. by Fielder.....	0		
Jackson, b. by Smith.....	15		
Coxhead, run out.....	4		
Knight, b. by Smith.....	0		
Broadbent, not out.....	2		
Byes.....	2		
Total.....	57	Total.....	4

We must not conclude without acknowledging in the warmest terms the kindness and hospitality of the Philadelphia gentlemen during this series of return matches. Besides their continual politeness during the sojourn of the strangers, there was every day a substantial and sumptuous lunch set out at the Columbia Tea gardens, Camden, adjacent the Cricket ground; and on Friday evening, 4th inst., a magnificent feast was given to all the parties, at Sanderson's hotel, "The Franklin House." At the last, in very truth the abundance was profuse, the welcome warm, and wit and hilarity sparkled around till a late, or rather an early hour. Our limits do not permit us to enter on the details of this banquet, but they were such as deserve to live long on the memory.

SINGLE WICKET MATCHES.—A few of these sprang out of the meetings to

which we have alluded; among them one between Messrs. S. Shaw and Bamforth, both of New York, in which the former obtained 12 runs at two innings, and the latter 5. Also one between Mr. O. P. Blackburne of Philadelphia, and Mr. Wilson of Brooklyn, in which the former obtained 17 runs in two innings, and brought out his bat, and the latter 16.

\* \* We presume that now the Cricketer's Chronicle is nearly closed for the season. We refrain from general remarks on the career of Cricket during the last six months, as they may be likely to pass into oblivion before the commencement of another season, but it is our purpose to offer a few suggestions sometime near next St. George's day, *Deo volente*.

## Fine Arts.

MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF COMMODORE HULL.—We have recently had an opportunity to inspect this beautiful piece of sculpture, executed by Mr. Struthers of Philadelphia; it is still on his premises, but will shortly form one of the most distinguished works of art to be seen in this country. The design is but partially original, but it is not the less worthy of praise on that account, for the portion adopted is one that has been found worthy of admiration during at least twenty centuries, and the new portion is both appropriate in itself and harmonises well with that to which it is appended. This elegant piece of sculpture consists of a sarcophagus of about 7 feet by 4, and about 4 feet high, being modelled after the "Tomb of the Scipios," so well known in the world of art. It is of Italian marble of fine quality, and the only variation in the ornamental parts of it, consists in the forms of the rosettes which surround the four sides of it, all of which differ from each other in design, and yet present a harmonious whole; the architectural decoration of the sarcophagus is Doric base and Ionic upper finishing. The original design consists in a finely executed drapery of the American flag, with its Stars and Stripes, thrown in fulness upon the tomb, and above it is a large figure of an eagle, with wings half extended, one claw of the sinister foot being placed on a ball or globe, and the head of the figure stretched forward with the beak half open, as prepared to defend the National Emblem from assault. The Stars are of the marble highly polished, the Stripes are well brought out by the manner of chiselling the material, and the drapery and folds present an appearance of softness highly creditable to the artist; nor must we omit to mention the justness and elegance of form of the noble bird, and the delicate execution of the plumage. We learn that the inscription on this fine work of art will be exceedingly simple, consisting of nothing more than the name of the deceased in whose honor it is executed. "ISAAC HULL." The Americans excel in Sculpture, more greatly perhaps, than in any other of the Fine Arts, and the specimen which we have just attempted to describe, will bear well to stand among the most distinguished. ¶

## Literary Notices.

DRAMA OF EXILE, AND OTHER POEMS.—By E. B. Barrett.—2 volumes.—New York: H. G. Langley.—This lady has so long been admired in her fugitive poetry, and has so completely established her claim to a high place among the imaginative tribe, that, despite a few conceits of style which now and then appear in her writings, this collection of her works will be largely welcomed. There is a pious vein running through them all, and the leading one in particular evinces great depth of thought in religious matters, as well as a graphic and dramatic mode of eliciting them. These volumes are extremely well got up, and should have an extensive sale.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW FOR OCTOBER, 1844.—New York: H. G. Langley.—The literary contents of this number transcend—we feel warranted in using the term—those of any previous number, for a long time back. Its leader, however, as indeed might be expected, is a political one, strongly advocative of its party. Concerning this of course we have nothing to say.

HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—Part X.—We need not do more than announce this continuation of this fine edition of the Holy Scriptures.

THE WANDERING JEW.—No. III.—Translated from the French of Eugene Sue.—New York: Harper & Brothers.—This greatly approved work is in as rapid a progress as is consistent with faithful and spirited translation.

"NO CHURCH WITHOUT A BISHOP."—New York: Harpers.—The celebrated controversy on this point between Des. Wainwright and Potts, is here given entire, with notes and a preface by the first named gentleman; also, the essays written by Dr. Wainwright in continuation, after the letters between the disputants ceased. We recommend a careful perusal of this interesting subject, it will amply repay the reflecting reader.

McCULLOCH'S GAZETTEER.—Part XVIII.—Harper & Brothers.—This truly invaluable work of reference draws nigh to a conclusion; two parts more will finish it, and its possessors will then be masters of a treasure which hitherto has been inaccessible at not less than five times the present price. The name of the Editor is abundant evidence of its correctness and general merits.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER, 1844.—Always well filled with useful matter, the present number contains one article of peculiar interest, and one of a novel character for this work. The former is a summary review and description of Mr. Parker's "Semaphoric and Marine Telegraph," an invention of exceedingly great merit, and which has long been held in great esteem in Boston; the other is a piece of—Poetry! Poetry in a Merchant's Magazine! It would have driven Scott's "Elder Osbaldiston" frantic. No matter, the poetry is good and "germane" to the plan of the work, it likewise softens the general character of its pages.

THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER, 1844.—This excellent work appears punctually at its hour, and its articles are evidently from writers pos-



sessing both taste and acumen; but "The Editor's Table" is always the *choix morceau* of each number.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW FOR SEPTEMBER, 1844.—The American Reprint of this able review, published here by Leonard Scott & Co., has just appeared. Encomium on the work is unnecessary.

### Music and Musical Intelligence.

**M. ADRIEN GARREAU'S CONCERT.**—This distinguished violoncellist gave his first Concert in America on Thursday evening last, at the Apollo Room, before a large, fashionable, and critical audience, and well he came out of the ordeal. *M. Garreau* has enjoyed for some time a deserved celebrity in Paris, as an artist, and it is not likely to suffer from what has been heard here, thus far. He produced an excellent bill, and had able assistance consisting of the *Signori Antognini* and *Sanquirico* in the Vocal department, *M. Scharfenberg*, (Piano), *Sig. Rapetti*, (Violin), *Sig. Aspick*, (Horn), and *M. Etienne* presiding at the Pianoforte. Each part of the Concert was commenced by a part of *Mayseder's* grand Trio for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, the music was magnificent, and the performance exquisite on all hands. *M. Garreau* likewise played three Soli, consisting firstly of a *Pot Pourri* from the Music of "Lucia di Lammermoor," which was done with great feeling and effect, and elicited frequent and deserved applause; secondly, a *Fantaisie Ecossaise* (!) in which, *mirabile dictu*, every air was Irish, scotticised and robbed of its peculiar characteristic beauties, and shewing that *M. Garreau* certainly does not understand the genius of the Scottish or of the Irish melodies. This was, to us, a signal failure. The third Solo consisted of *Souvenirs Suisses*, and they were prettily executed. *M. Garreau* stops his instrument with great truth, and bows with great vigor; he has taste and care in the execution of the loud and the soft, the increasing and the diminishing effect; he is likewise exceedingly skilful in the management of harmonics, but we think he has the fault, when not playing in concert, of being too regardless of time, and somewhat scrambling in his rapid passages. He is, however, on the whole, an artist of very superior merit, and will be likely to have large audiences both of cognoscenti and fashion. The vocalists sang two comic duets together in excellent style, one of which, from *Donizetti's* "Olive e Pragnale," was loudly encored, the other which was a substitute for one in the bills, was very properly passed by. *Antognini* likewise sang a solo substitute which with equal propriety was passed by. We do not approve of the wanton faithlessness with which such alterations are made. An aria buffa from *Donizetti's* "Le Convenienze Teatrali," sung by *Sanquirico*, was most enthusiastically encored; and *Aspick* played the celebrated air "Casta Diva" in capital style.

In expressing our pleasure derived from this Concert, we shall take the liberty of adding our wish that *M. Garreau* will be satisfied to play the Music of acknowledged great masters. Practical artists seldom having time for composition are apt to run into commonplace ideas, or indulge themselves in writing passages suitable to their own peculiar style. Such compositions are rarely pleasing throughout, and detract from the real excellence possessed by the performer.

**OLE BULL'S CONCERT.**—The first Concert of the present Series, by this great artist, will take place at Niblo's theatrical Saloon this evening. All the world will be there, of course.

### Opera.—Palmo's Theatre.

**IL PIRATA.**—Absence from the city has prevented us from being able to notice the commencement of the Operatic season, at Palmo's. We are, however, informed that the Opera of "Il Pirata" has been performed in excellent style, and that on the alternate nights it is relieved by the performance of Ballet; that which is at present current being "The Independence of Greece;" the Opera is given on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, the Ballet on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Henceforward we purpose to enter minutely into the details of this place of amusement.

### The Drama.

**PARK THEATRE.**—The new burlesque called "A Lad in the Wonderful Lamp" was produced here on Monday evening. In scenic beauties this piece abounds, the manager having spared no expense in the "getting up," but we confess to some disappointment in the anticipated wit. It is the production of the really witty and pungent editor of "Punch," and consequently great expectations were formed of it, but the continual attempts at punning are too much to be borne, more particularly as many of those attempts were miserable abortions, going far beyond "a good because a bad pun." O hers certainly, and not a few, were of a much better order, but that class of witticism was actually run threadbare, and the allusions were too much a mixture of Old and New World localities and peculiarities. *Mrs. Skerrett* was an excellent *Aladdin* as regards the acting, but she sings awfully out of tune. Our excellent favorite, *Chippendale*, did the *Magician* well, save that he was somewhat imperfect in his text. *Chippendale* is not a good "letter student," and his memory, like that of poor *Abbott*, is somewhat oblivious. *Andrux* would have been a better *Kazrac* if he had made fewer contortions. Would that he could have ever seen the original *Kazrac Grimaldi*, for *Andrux* is just the man to profit by good example. In this piece, after all, there is so much to please the eye and divert the ear, that it will probably have a fair run.

The *Placide* is again among us; his *Sir Harcourt* Courtly is an unique character, no one in America can touch it after him, and his *Grandfather Whitehead* is the perfection of domestic pathos.

*Mr. Jones* and *Madame Otto* have each taken a benefit this week, the lady has come forth in quite a new department, that of an actress, and truly considering that she has been so tardy in making a *début*, she acquires herself well. The singing of both these vocalists is of a highly pleasing nature, and they have well sustained their parts in "The Enchanted Horse," "Cinderella," "La Sonnambula," and "Der Frieschutz."

**BOWERY THEATRE.**—The cry is still "Putnam, and his horse, Black Vulture," and thousands respond to it, filling this large house to repletion.

**CHATHAM THEATRE.**—*Mr. G. H. Barrett*, or "Gentleman George," has been well filling this house during a brief engagement, he is now succeeded as an attraction by *Mr. C. W. Freer* and *Mr. De Bar*, the former of whom has brought forward a piece, written expressly for him, called "The Corsairs Revenge, or the Moment of Terror," which has made quite a hit.

**NIBLO'S GARDEN** is closed for a short time, but we learn that it is shortly to be re-opened for a winter Season, under the management of *Mr. Corbryn*, late Treasurer of the Olympic Theatre. This gentleman well understands theatrical business, and has "troops of friends," we trust they will sustain him in his endeavours.

**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—*Mr. Mitchell*, as we understand, has had this theatre much improved during the recess, and purposes to open the winter campaign on Monday evening next, with an immense accession of strength to his establishment. There is no fear for his success.

### PARK THEATRE

**MONDAY EVENING**, October 14, 1844.—"The Bessy Body" and "Aladdin" will be performed.  
**TUESDAY**—"The Cure for the Heart Ache," and "Aladdin."  
**WEDNESDAY**—Last night but one of *Mr. PLACIDE'S* Engagement.  
**THURSDAY** and **FRIDAY**—"Aladdin," and other Entertainments.  
**SATURDAY**—Last night of *Mr. PLACIDE'S* Engagement.

### MR. W. H. CRISP

**BEGS** to intimate his intention (during his Engagement at the Park Theatre) of giving tuition in the elegant and Gymnastic exercise of

### FENCING

TO A LIMITED NUMBER OF PUPILS.

*Mr. CRISP* has the honor of stating his having instructed the Collegians of the Universities of

CAMBRIDGE, EDINBURGH, AND DUBLIN,

AND THE

MEMBERS OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

No. 14 Beekman Street, Oct. 10

O.12-31.

**MR. JOHN A. KYLE**, teacher of the Flute and Pianoforte, announces to Amateurs and the Public generally, that he gives instruction on the above instruments, either at home, or at the houses of his Pupils.

*Mr. J. A. Kyle* will also give instruction in the art of accompanying, illustrating and giving practice to the Pupils by accompanying them with the Flute.  
For Terms, &c. &c., apply to his residence, 41 Forsyth Street, just above Walker.  
O.12-1m.

**GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SUPERFLUOUS CLOTHING.**—Gentlemen or families desirous of converting in cash their superfluous or cast-off clothing will obtain from the subscriber the highest Cash Prices.

To families or gentlemen quitting the city or changing residence, having effects of the kind to dispose of, will find it much to their advantage to send for the subscriber, who will attend them at their residence by appointment.

*H. LEVETT*, Office No. 2 Wall-street, and at 470 Hudson-st.

Orders through the Post-office, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to. [O.51m.]  
**ALBION NEWSPAPER.**—For Sale, a full set of Volumes of the Albion from the commencement of 1833; they are in good order and will be sold at a reasonable rate. Address D. E. at this Office  
St.28-1f.

**GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.—LAW AGENCY.—THOMAS WARNER**, No. 18 City Hall Place, New York, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor and Counsel in Chancery, &c. &c., begs to inform his friends and the Public generally, that he has just returned from a business tour through England, Wales and Scotland. That from having been for several years engaged in the practice of the Law in London, and for the past six years similarly engaged in New York, he flatters himself he is fully competent to conduct such law business in England and parts adjacent, as persons from the Old Country, and their descendants, may wish to be attended to; and with this view, *T. W.* on his recent journey made arrangements with some of the most eminent Lawyers in various parts of England and Scotland, whereby *T. W.* has been able to secure the most efficient Agents and Correspondents in those places.

*T. W.* therefore begs to offer his services to Europeans and others, who may need professional assistance, in relation to any kind of legal business in the Old World, and assures such as may choose to favour him with their patronage, that the most unexceptionable references will be furnished, if required, and every necessary guarantee given that business confided to his care will be attended to, and conducted with industry, skill, and fidelity, and on the most reasonable terms.  
St.28-3m.

**INFORMATION WANTED.**—In June, 1835, *ROBERT BRENNER*, (a Blacksmith), and *MICHAEL BRENNER*, (a Baker), both natives of Aberdeenshire, arrived at Quebec from Aberdeen, and the latter—*Michael*—has not since been heard of by his relatives in Scotland. The other brother *Robert*, from Quebec went to Upper Canada, and from thence to the State of New York, and was, when he last wrote, to his relatives, in May 1837, resident in the City of New York.

If the said *Robert* and *Michael Brenner*, or either of them, be alive they are requested to communicate with their brother *Peter Brenner*, Wellington Bridge, Aberdeen, or with *Mr. Johnston*, care of Messrs Strachan & Scott, 31 Broad St, New York; and any person who can give information as to the brothers is requested to communicate as above.  
New York, September 28, 1844.  
St.28-31.

### EXHIBITION. THE END OF THE WORLD.

AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

**OF A VERY LARGE SIZE** with Colossal Figures, painted and lately finished by *O. Anelli*, in New York.  
Exhibition now open, at Apollo Rooms, 410 Broadway, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and from 7 to 10 P.M.  
Admission 25 cents.  
Sp.21-1m.

**GENTLEMEN'S LEFT OFF WARDROBE.**—The HIGHEST PRICES can be obtained by Gentlemen or Families who are desirous of converting their left off wearing apparel into cash.  
*J. LEVINSTYN*, 466 Broadway, up stairs.  
A line through the Post Office, or otherwise, will receive prompt attention. Sp.21-1m.

### THOMAS H. CHAMBERS,

(Formerly Conductor to Dubois & Stoddart.)

PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,

No. 385 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

N.B.—All Piano Fortes sold at this Establishment are warranted to stand the action of any climate.  
May 11-6m.

BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND LONDON

### WEEKLY PAPERS.

TOGETHER WITH ALL THE NEW PUBLICATIONS,  
FOR SALE AT THE EARLIEST MOMENT, AT  
THE FRANKLIN DEPOT OF CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,  
No. 321 Broadway, next the Hospital. [Ag.17-2m.]

**WILLIAM LAIRD**, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has 4 ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with prices.  
Ap.30-1f.

**TWO AMATEURS ON THE FLUTE.**—*Mr. Barton*, (pupil of the late C. Nicholson), respectfully begs to announce that it is his intention to give instruction on the Flute. *Mr. Barton* professes to teach according to the method purified by the celebrated master *Charles Nicholson*.

For terms and particulars application may be made at Signor Godone's Music Store, Broadway, and *Mr. Stoddart's* Pianoforte manufactory.  
Jan.20-1f.

**J. M. TRIMBLE**, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman streets,) New York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.  
Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.  
May 27-2m.



## INTRODUCTION.

Public Notice to the Commercial Interests of New York.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietor of the Marine Telegraph Flags, and Semaphore Signal Book, having supplied above two thousand sets of American vessels, including the Government Vessels of War and Revenue Cutters, informs the Commercial, Mercantile, and Trading interests of New York, that he is now ready to furnish sets of Telegraph Flags, with designating Telegraph Numbers, and Signal Books for Ships, Barques, Brigs, Schooners, Sloops, and Steamboats, for Fifteen dollars, complete for conversation.

Having received from the Merchants' Exchange Company, the gratuitous use of their building for the purpose of facilitating the operation of his Semaphore Telegraph system of Marine Signals, and in conjunction with Mr. A. A. Leggett, of the Telegraph in Wall-street, at the Narrows, and the Highlands, it is contemplated to furnish the several Pilot Boats with sets of the Marine Signals, by which means, the earliest information of vessels' arrivals will be announced from the office, and the Telegraph Numbers displayed at the Merchants' Exchange, as soon as announced from below.

Vessels approaching the land from Sea, are requested to hoist their Conversation Flag, and show their Telegraph Designating Numbers, and to keep them flying until they have passed the Telegraph Stations below.

Signal Book (a pocket edition) will be furnished each owner of all those vessels in the possession of the Marine Telegraph Flag, gratuitously.

Sets of Flags, Designating Numbers, and Signal Books in constant readiness by A. A. Leggett, Merchants' Exchange, and by the undersigned, at the Marine Surveyor's Office, 67 Wall-street.

New York, Sept. 1, 1844.

NEW P.S. Ships' and Barques' numbers are displayed with a pendant above—Schooners' below—Brigs', alone.

JOHN R. PARKER, Sole Proprietor.

S. 7.

## BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GENERAL EDUCATION,

422 HOUTON STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

REV. R. T. HUDDART, MASTER.

THE Summer Vacation will terminate on Monday, Sept. 2d, at which time the punctual attendance of the Pupils is requested.

## A CARD.

Mr. HUDDART takes the present opportunity of informing his friends, and those Parents who may be about selecting a School for their sons, that he will remove in the course of the ensuing winter to Fourteenth-st., within a few doors of Union Square, between University Place and Fifth Avenue, where a building has just been erected for him, which, when completed, will form one of the best arranged and most extensive establishments for Education in the City. The plans, prepared expressly to suit his wishes, will be found to combine every accommodation, convenience, and comfort that can be desired, and such as the experience of more than twelve years has suggested. The situation is probably the most eligible which could have been selected for the purpose, as regards health and facility of access: all the advantages of good instructors and Professors will be available, whilst the benefits of a country residence will be gained by the out-door Athletic Exercises which can be enjoyed in the spacious playground. The Gymnasium, Drill-room for Physical Education, and, &c., will be on a scale suitable to the rest of the Establishment, and such as those who are acquainted with Mr. Huddart's views on this subject, may have full confidence in recommending to their friends.

The Institution is intended chiefly for Boarders, a limited number, however, of Day Scholars and Day Boarders will be received; the latter of whom will be treated in all respects as the regular Boarders, they must remain throughout the day at the School, be subject to the same discipline and control, and be allowed to return home only in the evenings, and then up to a certain age, under the charge of an assistant.

To those parents who are aware of the many difficulties which exist in bringing up boys in the city, and who well know that the Streets are the prolific source from which much baneful influence and example are derived, this plan will no doubt prove acceptable.

## TERMS.

For Boarders \$100 per Annum, including every expense, except Music and Oil Painting.

For Boys under ten years of age \$300 per Annum: these have been the terms uniformly charged since the School has been in operation, and will remain the same, except where there are two or more from the one family, in which case a reduction is made. After his removal Mr. Huddart's charge for DAY BOARDERS will be \$50 per quarter of Twelve weeks, which will include the wide course of instruction taught at the School, together with the accomplishments of French, Spanish, and Vocal Music, but not Instrumental Music, Drawing or Oil Painting.

For those under ten years of age \$35 per quarter, with the same advantages.

Day Scholars \$30 per quarter, without any reference to age.

A Prospectus containing full information as to the course of study, system adopted, outfit required for Boarders, and other particulars interesting to Parents may be obtained at any time on application at Mr. Huddart's present residence.

Ag. 24-25.

## MCGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, JAMES MCGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavored in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "McGregor House" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.

Utica, Nov. 1, 1843.

JAMES MCGREGOR.

(Mar. 9-11.)

## NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

DAILY, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock, P.M., from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

The Steamboat CLEOPATRA, Capt. J. K. Dugan, will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 34 Broadway, (up stairs).

Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting anyone on account of the above boats or owners May 11-14.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.

Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.

" " Harlem River.

View of the Jet at

Fountain in the Park, New York.

in Union Park.

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by

June 8.

HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

M. RADEZ, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufacture. Ap. 20-1y.

RIALTO, MONTREAL.—Mr. FARQUHAR respectfully announces to the citizens of New York on the eve of visiting Montreal, together with his Canadian Patrons, that he is prepared at all hours to accommodate the travelling public. His stands are of the first quality, his Liquors, Wines, &c., of the premier order. Mint Juleps, Sherry Cobbler, and every fancy drink on demand. Liqueurs, Oysters, Turkeys, &c., received every Friday per Express line. Mr. F. having been in the business for some years, flatters himself he can meet the wishes of the most fastidious.

Two Billiard Tables are attached to the Establishment, being the only ones in Montreal. Ag. 3-10.

## LET COMMON SENSE HAVE WEIGHT.

A COSTIVE and DYSENTERIC tiae, with cold, cough and sore throat in Child, in some cases Scarlet Fever, and with infants Summer Complaints and Scarlet Ra with Sweeling and Tumors of the neck.

In these complaints no remedy can be compared to the BRANDRETH PILLS, and it is a solemn duty on the part of parents to their children, that they have recourse to them at once, if given at the commencement, there need be no fear as to the result, and at any period of the disease, there is no medicine which will exercise a more health-restoring power.

In Costiveness, or the opposite disease Dysentery, the dose should be sufficiently large to remove morbid accumulations, and the Pills will have the further good effect to restore healthy secretions in these important organs, and remove the irregular distribution of blood from the head, liver, and other parts; in fact will equalize the circulation, by the abstraction of the impure humors from the system generally.

In affections of the throat and bowels, I cannot too strongly recommend the external use of the BRANDRETH LINIMENT, it will materially expedite the cure. There is no outward remedy at all to be compared to this Liniment, which has the effect of taking out inflammation wherever it is applied. In cases of Fever, and Ague the BRANDRETH PILLS are a never-failing cure, the first dose should be large, sufficient to have a brisk effect, afterwards two Pills night and morning, and crink cold Pennyroyal tea, a cup full, say two or three times a day. The cure is sure.

Remember, the great blessing the BRANDRETH PILLS secure to the human body, is PURE BLOOD.

When your blood is once pure nothing in the shape of food will hardly come amiss; nothing will sour upon your stomach; you may eat anything in reason; and the greater variety of food the better blood is made. An indolent weak stomach, who are dyspeptic, or in any way affected in body, should without delay resort to BRANDRETH'S PILLS—which will insure strength to the life principle, and by perseverance with them, entirely renew the whole body; the materials now in it good, will be kept so; those bad, displaced and removed. Good Blood can not make bad blood or bad flesh. And bear in mind, the BRANDRETH'S PILLS surely purify the Blood.

The following case from Col. J. Hughes of Jackson, Ohio, a member of the Ohio Legislature, will no doubt be read with interest by those similarly affected.

Cure of violent periodical pain in the head. A thousand persons can be referred to in this city, who have been cured of a similar affliction.

JACKSON, O.H., Aug. 1, 1844.

Dr. B. Brandreth, Sir,—That the greatest good may be done to the greatest number, I take pleasure in informing you that for six or seven years prior to 1841 I suffered incessantly with a nervous headache. I applied to the most eminent physicians in Ohio for relief, but received none whatever. I being much prejudiced to all patent medicines, refused to use your Pills; finally my head increased daily; I as a last resort, and even without faith, bought a box of your Vegetable Universal Pills. On going to bed I took 5 pills, next night 3, next 1; skipped two nights and repeated the dose—I found immediate relief. Two or three times since I have been partially attacked, I again applied to your Pills and all was forthwith well. I cannot speak too highly of your Pills, for nothing relieved me but them. May you live long to enjoy the pleasure it must be to you to know and feel that day unto day and night unto night, you are relieving the pains and diseases of the human family.

Yours truly,

J. HUGHES.

Sold at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, 374 Bowery, and 241 Hudson-st.; Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-st., Brooklyn; James Wilson, Jersey City; and by one Agent in almost every town in the United States, who have a certificate of Agency. (Ag. 17.)

## INDIGESTION

MOST PREVALENT IN WARM WEATHER.

Use Parr's Life Pills where Health is a desideratum.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES.—In no season does the blood and secretions of the human system undergo more striking change than in the fall of the year. If we turn to Nature, the changes in the vegetable world are found to be not only strikingly analogous, but to have a strong influence on the health or diseased condition of the body. From the decay of autumn, and the morbid and dithic state of winter, there springs new life and beauty. The effect of this process is actually in a inanimate matter, as well as on our physical system, render the use of some simple medicine—especially to those of a slender constitution—of absolute importance. This is the time to actually assist nature in renewing and strengthening the power of the vital organs. Of these functions, none have a more intimate connection than the stomach and liver. The presence of food in the stomach, and the healthy operation of the digestive powers, furnish the only natural stimulant to the liver. But when ver the coatings of the former become weak and morbid, both the quantity and quality of the secretions are greatly modified; the natural stimulus is diminished—the life is improperly secreted, and disease of the liver, or chronic affections in one form or another, are almost sure to follow. In this critical condition, to give a healthy tone to the stomach, and to free the blood of its impurities, thereby preventing morbid, and it may be years of suffering, PARR'S LIFE PILLS are a perfectly gentle and effectual medicine. Its celebrated author was for more than a century not only a close and constant student of the medicinal properties of plants, but of their adaptation to the cure of every class of internal diseases. Although in early life apparently a hopeless invalid, the use of this medicine restored and continued him in health and vigor to the extreme age of 132 years. These Pills are exceedingly mild in their operation, and may be given to children as well as adults with the utmost security. To their superiority in this respect over most of the vegetable medicine in use, thousands are constantly testifying.

The Proprietors have sedulously avoided that system of puffing so generally resorted to, yet their Pills have won a degree of popular favor unsurpassed in the history of any family medicine. It is now only twelve months since they established their agency in the United States, and the monthly sales are exceedingly upwards of ten thousand boxes. They give these as simple facts, wishing the medicine to rest alone on its intrinsic value. No ship going to sea should be without them. Families having once used them will always have a supply.

Sold Retail by all respectable Druggists, and Wholesale by Thomas Roberts & Co., 117 Fulton Street.

Ag. 10.

## STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

ALBANY, Aug. 1, 1844.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York:—

SIR—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:—

A Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of this State.  
Thirty-six Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.  
Four Canal Commissioners.

A Senator for the First Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of John B. Scott, on the last day of December next.

A Representative in the 29th Congress of the United States for the Third Congressional District consisting of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th Wards of said City and County; also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth District, consisting of the 6th, 7th, 10th and 13th Wards of the said City and County. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth District, consisting of the 8th, 9th and 11th Wards of the said City and County, and also a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional District, consisting of the 11th, 12th, 15th, 16th and 17th Wards of said City and County of New York.

Also the following County Officers, to wit: 13 Members of Assembly.

Yours respectfully,

S. YOUNG, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, Aug. 3, 1844.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

WILLIAM JONES, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the public Newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the Election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1st, Chap. 6th, title 3d, article 3d—part 1st, page 140. Ag. 17-3m



# **SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,** FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DIS- EASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

*Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pusules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.*

If there be a pleasure on earth which superior beings cannot enjoy, and one which they might almost envy men the possession of it is the power of relieving pain. How consoling, then, is the consciousness of having been the instrument of rescuing thousands from misery to those who possess it. What an amount of suffering has been relieved and what a still greater amount of suffering can be prevented by the use of Sands's Sarsaparilla! The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers and loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groined hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretory organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the tank of disease, and now with regenerated constitution, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

New York, July 25, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—I consider it but an act of justice to you to state the following facts in reference to the great benefit I have received in the cure of an obstinate **SARCOUS ULCER** on my breast.

I was attended eighteen months by a regular and skilful physician, assisted by the advice and counsel of one of our most able and experienced surgeons, without the least benefit whatever. All the various methods of treating cancer were resorted to: for five weeks in succession my breast was burned with caustic three times a day, and for six it was daily syringed with a weak solution of nitric acid, and the cavity or internal ulcer was so large that it held over an ounce of the solution. The doctor probed the ulcer and examined the bone, and said the disease was advancing rapidly to the lungs, and if I did not get speedy relief by medicine or an operation the result would be fatal. I was advised to have the breast laid open and the bones examined, but finding no relief from what had been done and feeling that I was rapidly getting worse, I almost despaired of recovery and considered my case nearly hopeless.

Seeing various testimonials and certificates of cure by the use of "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," in cases similar to my own, I concluded to try a few bottles, several of which were used, but from the long, deep-seated character of my disease, produced no very decided change; considering this as the only probable cure for my case, I persevered, until the disease was entirely cured. It is now over eleven months since the cure was completed; there is not the slightest appearance of a return. I therefore pronounce myself **WELL** and the cure entirely effected by "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," as I took no other medicine of any kind during the time I was using it, nor have I taken any since. Please excuse this long deferred acknowledgment, which I think it my duty to make. Your valuable Sarsaparilla cured me, with the blessing of Divine Providence, when nothing else could, and I feel myself under lasting obligations to you. I can say many things I cannot write, and I do most respectfully invite ladies afflicted as I have been to call upon me and I will satisfy them fully of the truth as stated above, and many other things in reference to the case.

NANCY J. MILLER,  
218 Sullivan-st., next door to the Methodist Church.

The following extract from a letter just come to hand will be read with interest. The writer, Mr. Almy, is a gentleman of the first respectability, Justice of the Peace, &c. The patient suffered for years with Fever Sores on his legs, and could find no relief until he used Sands's Sarsaparilla. Mr. Almy, writing at the request and on behalf of the patient, Jonathan Harris, says—

Gentlemen—It has once more become my duty to communicate to you the situation of Mr. Harris, and you may rely upon it to do so with the utmost pleasure. Mr. Harris says that four of his sores are entirely healed up, and the remainder are fast doing so. He further says that he has no pain in the affected limb whatever—that his sleep is of the most refreshing nature, and his health in every respect very much improved—so visible is the change that all who see him exclaim, "what a change!" and earnestly inquire what he has been doing! He has gained in flesh very much, and is able to work at his trade,—which is that of a shoemaker—without any inconvenience. This is the substance of his narrative—but the picture I cannot in any way here do justice to. The manner, the gratitude, the faith, and the exhilarating effect upon his spirits, you can but faintly imagine. He requests me to say he will come and see you as surely as he lives. May God continue to bless your endeavours to alleviate the miseries of the human family, is the fervent prayer of your sincere friend.

HUMPHREY ALMY, Justice of the Peace.

Brooklyn, Conn., July 10, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—Most cheerfully do I add to the numerous testimonials of your life preservative Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1839 with a scrofulous affection on my upper lip, and continuing upward, taking hold of my nose and surrounding parts until the passages for conveying tears from the eyes to the nose were destroyed, which caused an unceasing flow of tears. It also affected my gums causing a discharge very unpleasant, and my teeth became so loose that it would not have been a hard task to pull them out with a slight jerk—such were my feelings and sufferings at this time that I was rendered perfectly miserable. I consulted the first physicians in the city, but with little benefit. Every thing I heard of was tried, but all proved of no service, and as a last resort was recommended a change of air; but this like other remedies, did no good; the disease continued gradually to increase until my whole body was affected. But, thanks to humanity, my physician recommended your preparation of Sarsaparilla. I procured from your agent in this city, Dr. James A. Reed, six bottles; and in less time than three months was restored to health and happiness. Your Sarsaparilla alone effected the cure, and with a desire that the afflicted may no longer suffer, but use the right medicine and be free from disease, with feelings of joy and gratitude, I remain your friend.

DANIEL MCCONNICKAN.

Any one desirous to know further particulars will find me at my residence in Front-st., where it will afford me pleasure to communicate anything in relation to this cure.

DANIEL MCCONNICKAN.

Personally appeared before me the above-named Daniel McConnican, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement.

JOHN CLOUD,  
Justice of the Peace of the City of Baltimore.

Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 27, 1844.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands.—Gents.—I have just received a letter from my father in Russellville, Ky., who wishes to purchase some of your Sarsaparilla. I have no doubt he can be the means of selling a great deal, as it has performed a wonderful cure in his family. Last December I was sent for to see my sister before she died, she having been in poor health for some two or three years, and at the time I went over to see her, she was at the point of death with the scarlet fever, and a cancerous affection of the bowels, from which her physician thought she could not possibly recover. I carried over with me a bottle of your Sarsaparilla, and with the consent of her physician she commenced taking it that night. I remained with her three days, and left her rapidly improving. Her husband sent a boy home with me for more of the Sarsaparilla. I sent one dozen bottles which I believe will effect an entire cure. My father writes me to that effect, and wishes through me to procure an agency for selling your valuable medicine to that neighbourhood.

Respectfully,

J. M. OWENS.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. Sands, Wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, John Musson, Quebec, J. W. Breat, Kingston, T. Brickie, Hamilton, S. T. Urquhart, Toronto, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

Ag. 3.

WELLMAN, WEBSTER AND NORTON,  
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,  
No. 75 Camp-street, New Orleans.

L. J. Webster, A. L. Norton, H. B. Wellman.  
Reference—G. Merle, Esq., Wilson & Brown, and Lee Dater & Miller, N. Y.  
Aug. 26-44.

## **DOCTOR BRANDRETH'S ADDRESS** TO THE PUBLIC.

THERE are in the world medicines adapted to the cure of diseases of every form and every symptom. And when men follow the instinct of their natures, they use BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the cure of their maladies. And those who have done so have not had cause for repentance with reference thereto. These Pills are, indeed, quietly becoming the reliable medicine of mankind; for all who use them in accordance with the printed directions, find so much benefit individually, that they recommend them to all such of their friends that may not at the time be enjoying good health. These universally celebrated Pills take out of the body all diseased, decayed, or unhealthy particles; they eradicate everything from the human body contrary to its healthy condition. No matter of how long duration the complaint may have been, there is every chance of recovery when the Pills are commenced with, and it is utterly impossible for them to injure; nearly a century's use has proved them innocent as bread, yet all powerful for the removal of disease, whether chronic or recent, infectious or otherwise. We have an account to settle with ourselves as regards the pleasures and pains of life. It is soon stated. Suppose you are highly favoured by nature, having a sound mind in a sound body, the lot of but few. You cannot but be affected when you observe so much suffering from bodily infirmity around you; which neither riches nor the palliative prescriptions of physicians are able to obviate. Even the best health is insecure unless a certain remedy can be used when the first advances of sickness comes on. If then you would avoid this state of things, and you are anxious to secure your own health, your judgment, and a long vigorous old age, take BRANDRETH'S PILLS; with them you can never err; and you will avoid all the miseries of an infirm, ailing existence. Let every one whose health is not perfect take them daily for one month; instead of weakening you, you will find all your faculties of mind and body improved; all kinds of food will give you pleasure, and none whatever will disagree with you. Your digestion will proceed smoothly and pleasantly, your stomach will not require the assistance of wine, bitters, or drams; in fact, you will soon learn these things are injurious. The reason it is easy to explain: Digestion is effected solely by the solvent power of the bile. This bile is made by, and secreted from the blood. It is produced by the same operation from the blood as is the growth of the body, or any part thereof, as the bones, the hair, the eye, or the nails. By the use of Brandreth's Pills you expel out of the body those corrupt humours which impede digestion, and cramp nature in all her operations. Those humours which produce Cancer, Rheumatism, Consumption, Piles, and, in fact, all the long catalogue of diseases to which humanity is subject, but which are reducible to one, IMPURITY OF BLOOD. Custom has designated the name of the disease by the place upon which the impurity of the blood settles, or deposits itself; thus, upon the lungs, Consumption, upon the muscles, Rheumatism; if upon the skin, Erysipelas and Leprosy; upon the knee, a White Swelling; and wherever pain is felt, or any feeling in any part of the contrary to health, there the impurity of the blood is endeavoring to establish its evil influence. So in Costiveness it is occasioned by the impurity of the blood, which has become seated upon the muscles of the bowels, and which prevents the proper action of the bile to produce the daily evacuation of morbid deposits. But all these effects of impure blood are cured or prevented by the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. In a word, they will give the power and vigor to the human constitution it was intended to have by nature, and which it possessed before the absurd notions of the great advantages of Tonic or bracing, and mineral medicines were acted upon. Instead of finding your digestive powers and strength diminish, as you will be told by doctors and other interested persons, you will find your strength and digestion daily improve, and all the energies of your mind and body more lively and vigorous. You will soon perceive that you are every day adding to your well being by the simple operation of evacuating from your body the noxious humours of the blood, the source of all the pain and misery experienced in the human body. Such is the benign operation of Brandreth's Pills, that they only take out of the body what is hurtful to it, thus producing its purification and its perfect health.

The Brandreth Pills are the best medicine for families and schools. No medicine is so well adapted for the occasional sickness of children. By having them in the house, and giving them when the first symptoms show themselves, the sickness will be the affair of only a few hours; and in scarlet fever, measles, and worms, there is no medicine so safe and so sure to cure. It is all that should be used, or ought to be used. I speak as a father, and from experience.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will insure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life—they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this; it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies during their confinement, to the exclusion of all other purgatives; and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humours of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

Man will be born to-day of bliss, compared to what has hitherto been his lot, weighed down as he has been by disease, infirmities, and suffering, which no earthly power knew how to alleviate until this discovery was presented to the world. The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by their operation, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance, without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicine ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking colds.

THE BRANDRETH PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at one store in every town in the United States. Let all who purchase enquire for the certificate, on which are fac similes of the labels on the box, if like the Pills, they are genuine—if not, not. There has yet been, I believe, no counterfeit of the new labels, and it is to be hoped they will not, for it is impossible to imagine a greater crime than that of making money by the miseries of mankind.

The public servant,

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.

Principal Brandrethian Office, 241 Broadway, New York. The retail offices are 241 Hudson-street and 274 Bowery. Mrs. Booth is the Agent in Brooklyn, No. 5 Market-st., and J. Wilson, Main street, Jersey City. Parker, Broad-street, Newark. Price 25 cts., with full directions in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and German.

Observe the Red Printing on the Top and Bottom Label. On every Box of Genuine Brandreth Pills, BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS is printed over Two Hundred times in Red Ink. Remember to see to this, and you will not be deceived with Counterfeit Pills. [Sept. 21.]

THE RAILROAD HOTEL, 86th St., 4th Avenue, Yorkville.—THOMAS F. LENOX late of the Chatham Theatre, respectfully announces to his friends his new location in Yorkville. The Cars stop hourly on weekdays and half hourly on Sundays.

This Establishment will be found one of the most suitable and convenient stopping places en route to the AQUEDUCT,—that greatest of modern scientific achievements,—and which is within two minutes walk of the R. R. Hotel.

Liquors, Wines, &c., of a superior quality, are constantly on hand; also, Oysters, Cakes, Ice Cream, and every delicacy of the Season.

Private Rooms for Parties.

An excellent Quoit Ground is attached to the House, together with other Amusements.

### **OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.**

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York	Days of Sailing from Liverpool
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or  
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,  
and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool

Feb. 3.